

PICTURES and SONGS



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf PN4110
C4 F4

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

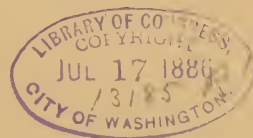




PICTURES AND SONGS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

PN6110
C4 P4

Copyright, 1886,
BY E. P. DUTTON AND CO.





ON THE WAY TO GRANDMA'S.

SHE sings softly as she walks,
And right royally she feels,
With her parasol outspread,
And her kitten at her heels.

She fondly hugs her dollie,
She flirts her palm-leaf fan,
And gives the boxwood border
A half-suspectful scan.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Gobbler!
And good-morning, Mother Hen!
My dollie's name is Gracie,
And my kitten's name is Ben.

"I'm on my way to grandma's
To get an apple-tart;
I'm going to spend the day with her,
And made an early start."

FRANK H. STAUFFER.



AT BEDTIME.

O SLEEPY-MAN, Sleepy-man, why do you stay
In the Islands of Slumber, far, far away?
O Sleepy-man, Sleepy-man, hasten along
With your tingle and jingle and lullaby song!
Come from your home, far out on the sea,
And play a sweet tune to baby and me.
Two little hands, so weary with play,
Two little feet, that have wandered all day,
Two laughing eyes, that open will keep
Because their wee owner has no time to sleep.
Sleepy-man, Sleepy-man, hasten along
With your tingle and jingle and lullaby song;
Play a sweet tune till the laughing eyes close,
And away to the Islands of Slumber he goes.

CLARA J. DENTON.



GOING TO BREAKFAST.

(The Dog speaks.)

QUEEN Baby is going to breakfast ;
Make way for Her Majesty small.
A Lady of Honor upon the high chair
Is waiting with welcome for all.

Queen Baby clasps tightly her treasures, —
The dollies, more precious than gems ;
While the golden hair, lying in curls on her brow,
Is fairest of all diadems.

And I am the happiest Page in the land,
As I lead my Queen forth at her gentle command.

C. L. BRINE.



By.
Margaret.
Johnson.

"S
O
ne,
Two,
Buckle
My Shoe."

MILE on me, Baby, my sweet,
As I kneel humbly here at your feet.
My Prince, with no crown for your head,
But your own sunny tresses instead.
And your lips and your eyes gravely sweet,
Smile down on me here at your feet,
Little one.

“ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE.”

For your Majesty's favor I sue,
As I tie on this troublesome shoe.
For a touch of your fair finger-tips,
And a kiss from your bonny red lips,
The hardest of tasks I would do ;
As I kneel here to tie on your shoe,
In the sun.

What monarch beholds at his feet
A slave so devoted, my sweet,
As you with your foot on my neck,
As you, with my heart at your beck,
As you with your eyes gravely sweet
Looking down on me here at your feet,
In the sun.

Two kisses, my Baby, just two,
For tying the troublesome shoe.
Lean down to me, dear, from your throne,
Put both the small hands in my own,
And kiss me sweet kisses — one, two,
For tying the dainty wee shoe,
Little one !

MARGARET JOHNSON.



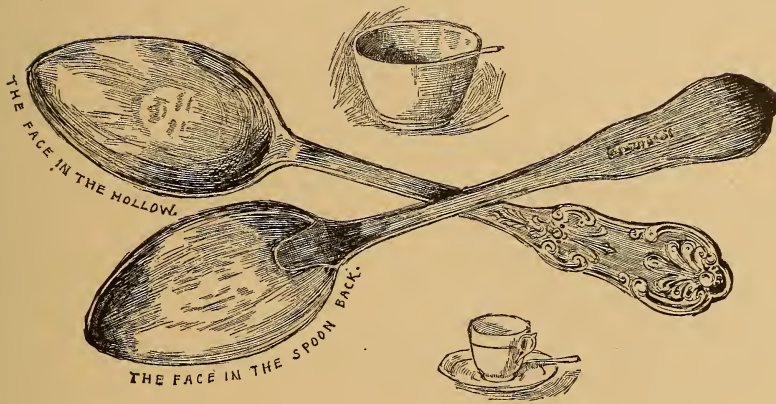


THE TEASPOON BABIES.

THE babies in the teaspoon
Are such a funny pair ;
While there's only one at the table,
Sitting in her high chair,
When she looks in her shining silver bowl
Two little girls are there.

THE TEASPOON BABIES.

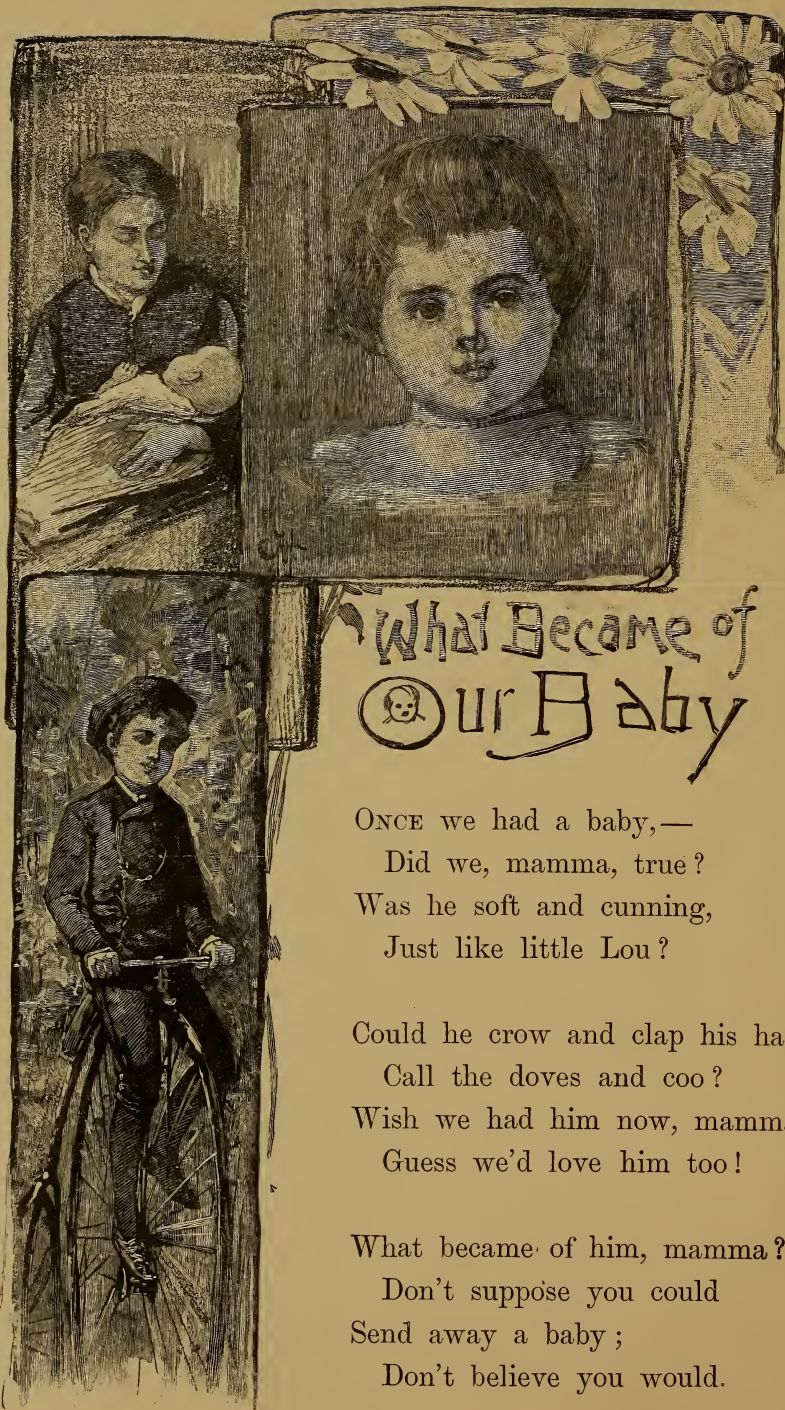
The one she sees in the spoon-back
Has features wide outspread;
Her eyes look squinted and tiny;
Her cheeks look overfed;
But the one in the hollow always laughs,
And stands upon her head.



When there's oatmeal for breakfast
Great friends are the babies three;
And they kiss each other at dinner,
And smile and nod at tea.
Look into your spoons, dear little friends,
And see what you will see.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.





What Became of Our Baby

ONCE we had a baby,—

Did we, mamma, true?

Was he soft and cunning,

Just like little Lou?

Could he crow and clap his hands,

Call the doves and coo?

Wish we had him now, mamma,

Guess we'd love him too!

What became of him, mamma?

Don't suppose you could

Send away a baby;

Don't believe you would.

MY SWEETHEART.

Why, one day, that baby,
If the truth I say,
Crept into some trousers,
And a jacket gray,
Crushed a hat down on his curls, —
Then he ran away.

And, while I was seeking him,
To a boy he grew,
Riding his velocipede, —
Artie, it was you!

MY SWEETHEART.

“Now, mamma, if only you’ll promise me true
That you never will tell, I will show it to you —
This beautiful picture — and then you will see
How lovely the face of my sweetheart must be.
Her cheeks they are rosy, her eyes they are bright,
Her hair always shines when it catches the light,
Her voice is so soft when she speaks with a smile,
I know she is loving me well all the while.
And when I am hurt and — well — cry (for you see,
They have to sometimes, even big boys like me),
She puts her arms round me and comforts me so
I’m sure to forget it the first thing I know.
She sings about sunshine and fairies and flowers,
And the stories she tells — you could listen for hours.

“Who is she? — Well, tell me what name do you guess?
When you get to the sweetest of all, I’ll say, Yes —

MY SWEETHEART.

No, no—you are wrong. I must give you a peep;
But you'll surely remember the secret to keep,
And never let out who is fondest of me?
Ho, ho, mamma! look in this glass and you'll see!"

SYDNEY DAYRE.



LUCY LEE.

OF LUCY LEE THESE WORDS, THIS PICTURE, BY A. BRENNAN.

8 8 4.

When Lucy Lee
Was very wee
She cried, th^e funny thing!
"Betause", said she,
"No one tookt me
To my Mamma's wedding."





GLORY TO GOD IN THE
HIGHEST AND ON EARTH
PEACE GOODWILL



We Wish you
A Merrie Christmas.

Printed by
Wm. H. Smith

A.
Xmas
Carol.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE children sing a carol clear,
On early Christmas morn,
Because it is the day on which
Our Saviour, Christ, was born.

The wondrous story o'er they tell,
Of the dear Saviour's birth:
Of how the angels came to say
That peace should reign on earth;

Of how the wise men travelled far
The infant Christ to see,
In the poor manger, where he lay
Upon his mother's knee.

And so at break of Christmas day
They sing their carol sweet;
And ask a Christmas blessing
From every one they meet.



A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM.

“WHAT do you think my grandmother said,
Telling Christmas stories to me
To-night, when I went and coaxed and coaxed,
Laying my head upon her knee?

“She thinks (she really told me so)
That good Saint Nicholas, long ago,
Was old and gray
As he is to-day, —
Going around with his loaded sleigh,

A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM.

Wrapped about with his robe of fur ;
With lots of frolic, and fun, and stir,
A cheery whoop and a merry call,—
And never a jolly boy at all !



“She thinks he’s driven through frost and
snows,

As every Christmas comes and goes,
With jingling bells and a bag of toys,
Ho, ho ! for good little girls and boys,
With a carol gay
And a Clear the way !

For a rollicking, merry Christmas
day, —
With just exactly the same reindeers
Prancing on, for a thousand years !

“Grandmother knows ’most everything, —

All that I ask her she can tell ;

Rivers and towns in geography,

And the hardest words she can always spell.

But the wisest ones, sometimes they say,
Mistake, and even grandmother may !

“If Santa Claus never had been a boy
How would he always know so well
What all the boys are longing for
On Christmas day,—can grandmother
tell ?

“Why does he take the shiny rings,
And baby houses, and dolls with
curls,

And dainty locket, and necklaces,
Never to boys, but all to girls ?



A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM.

“Why does he take the skates and
sleds,
The bats and balls, and arrows
and bows,
And trumpets, and drums, and guns
—hurrah!
To all the boys,—does grand-
mother know?

“But there is a thing that puzzles
me,—
When Santa Claus was a boy at
play,
And hung a stocking on Christmas
eve,
Who *could* have filled it for Christmas day?”



SYDNEY DAYRE.

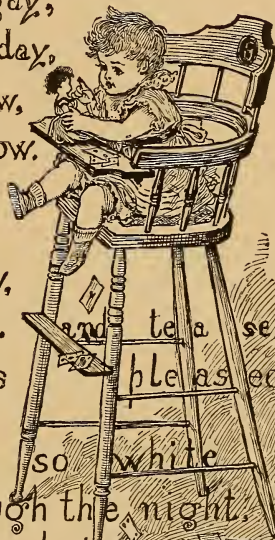


HAPPY Baby happy and gay,
 Playing with dolly all the day,
 Nothing to do but eat and grow,
 Laugh and chuckle, chuckle and crow.

Dimpled cheeks that are all aglow,
 Plump little limbs as pure as snow,
 Kissed and fondled and petted
 Everyone's glad when baby's pleased.

Ah there you are in robes so white
 Angels to watch you through the night.
 When asleep in your little bed,
 They are fluttering o'er your head.

Pretty Baby, I love to see
 You nestling there on
 Mother's knee,
 Like a floweret partly
 blown,
 Sweet
 innocence upon
 his throne.





"
T
hree,
F
our,
S
-but



HE tiger-lilies bloom a-row,
The garden path is all aglow
With stately crimson hollyhocks;
The roses blossom, pink and white,
With clematis and pansies bright;
But you, my four-o'clocks,
Have only just begun to peep
With drowsy eyelids from your sleep.
I knock upon your purple door;
The yellow bees, with noisy hum,
And buzzing flies, about you come;
The clocks are striking four.

Now is the sunny afternoon,
When night will hide your face so soon;
You loose your petals folded fast,
To sun and breeze they soft uncloze,
And, blushing like a crimson rose,
You let me in at last.



But when to-morrow, down the lane,
I walk among the flowers again,
Between the tall red hollyhocks,
Here I shall find you as before,
Asleep within your fastened door,—
My lazy four-o'clocks !

MARGARET JOHNSON.



A BIRTHDAY CAKE.

WHAT can this be which cook has placed here?
It seems like a cake, but oh! how queer!
Though the frosting looks white and sweet and nice,
Yet on its top are six little black mice.

One for an infant, in dresses white,
One for a babe with blue eyes bright;
One for a child with golden hair,
One for a maid with face so fair;
One for a girl brimming over with fun,
And one for the very next year to come.

Six chocolate mice on top of the cake,
Which cook, at mamma's request, did make
For a sweet little girl, — a good one, too, —
But I shall not tell her age, — can you?

KATE H. ESTERLEY.





GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

“WAIT a bit, my little miss ;
What makes you walk so fast ?
You’ve got the day before you ;
The sky is not o’ercast.”

“I’m going to the doctor, sir,
For my doll is very ill ;
She’s got a raging fever, sir ;
I guess she’s took a chill.”

“Put a bandage round her head,
And mustard to her feet ;
Give her cambric tea to drink
And not anything to eat.”

“I tried all that two hours ago ;
The fever didn’t abate.
I lay all the trouble, sir,
To pudding which she ate.”

“What if the doctor isn’t in ?
Or doesn’t care to come ?
Or charges, — as he often does, —
A most outrageous sum ?”

“If he isn’t in, I’ll wait.
What if his charge be high ?
Do you think, because of that,
I’d let my dollie die ?”



"GOING FOR THE DOCTOR."

MY VALENTINE.

WHOM shall I choose for my
Valentine?
Somebody, oh, so very fine,
So kind and good, so sweet and
fair,
I'll have to hunt her every-
where.



Her face must be like the
glad sunshine
If she is to be my Valen-
tine,—

Oh, where can I find
her? Can you tell
Where such a dainty
maid doth dwell?

I'd write her just one little
line,
Or show her by some other
sign,
If I could only know the place
Where I could see her pretty
face.

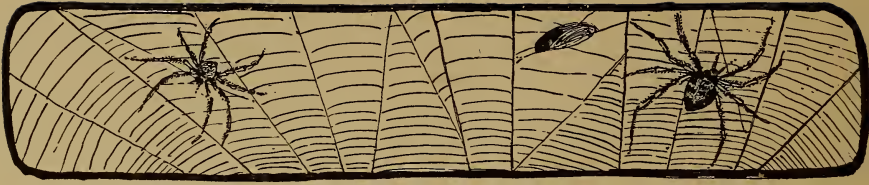
MY VALENTINE.

And she must have a gentle voice,
Or else she cannot be my choice;
I would not have a Valentine
Who'd loudly talk, or pout, and whine.

I'd travel east, I'd travel west,
And never take a moment's rest;
But now, I think, wee daughter mine,
That you're just such a Valentine.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



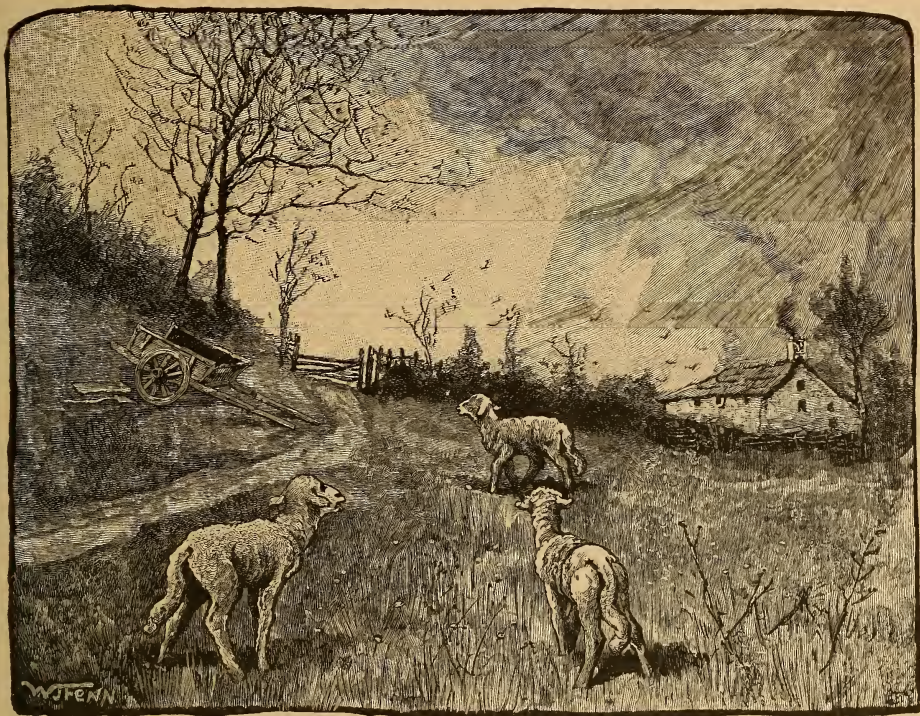


A SPRING CAROL.

THREE little lambs in the fields were seen, —
Oh, so soft and woolly! —
Four toddling legs, and a tail between,
Each baby lamb could boast, I ween.
Heigh-ho, be merry!



A SPRING CAROL.



Three little lambs, with a grave surprise, —
Oh, so soft and woolly! —
Gazing out from their mild young eyes,
New to a world that puzzles the wise.
Heigh-ho, be merry!

Three old mothers, with bleatings shrill, —
Oh, so soft and woolly! —
Search for their lambkins over the hill,
Where, happy and joyous, they're sporting their fill.
Heigh-ho, be merry!

Frisk, little lambkins, while ye may, —
Oh, so soft and woolly! —
Alas! too soon comes the evil day,
When play-hours and spring time both vanish away.
So heigh-ho, be merry!

MRS. A. M. GOODHEART.

“Five Six Pick Up Sticks” By Margaret Johnson.

THE silent room was growing dim,
The shadows thick began to fall;
When voices gay and dancing steps
Came echoing down the lofty hall,
And, bursting in with stamping feet,
The children stormed our still
retreat.



“FIVE, SIX, PICK UP STICKS.”



A mighty log of hickory old

They dragged along with merry din,
And, perched astride its noble girth,

The Baby, wild with glee, rode in.
Their joyous presence filled with bloom
The wintry silence of the room.

They rolled their burden to the hearth

With shout and song, — the merry six, —
And on its firm foundation built

A wondrous citadel of sticks;
Then in the Baby's dimpled hand
They, laughing, placed the lighted brand.

One touch, and up the chimney sprang

The wavering, leaping, golden blaze;
The children gave a lusty shout;

The room grew bright with dancing rays;
High climbed the roaring flames and higher, —
And so we built our Christmas fire!

MARGARET JOHNSON.





A WINTER ROSE.

WHEN the meadows were chill and white,
Lily-beds heaped with the drifting snows,
Rough winds shaking the world at night,
Blossomed our fair little winter rose.

Soft and pink, from her tender feet
To her downy head and her dimpled chin,
To her velvet hands and her mouth so sweet,
Shutting some blissful secret in.

We wrapped her in fleecy robes that clung,
Fold upon fold, as the roses rest;
And the dearest singer that ever sung,
Whispered a lullaby over her nest.

We drew the curtains, to hide away
The chilly world with its cruel snow;
And there, in a bower as bright as May,
Our dainty blossom began to grow.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.





WHITE AND BLACK.

THERE he sits, perched in his pretty high chair,
Baby boy Harry, so winsome and fair,
With bonny blue eyes, and dimples so sweet,
Dressed all in white from his head to his feet.

Merry Aunt Katy sits, writing, close by;
Backwards and forwards her light fingers fly,
While baby keeps wishing, again and again,
That he could make marks with a bright little pen.

WHITE AND BLACK.

Thoughtless Aunt Katy runs into the hall,
To speak to a friend who has come for a call,
And baby is left for a moment alone,
With pen, ink, and paper there, all for his own.

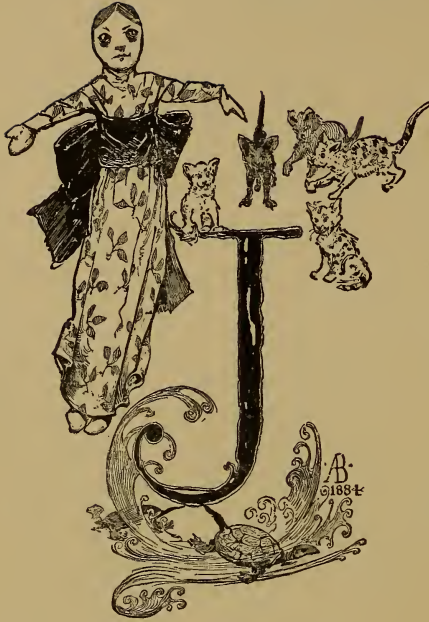
Joyful, he snatches them quickly, and then —
He crushes the paper, and bends up the pen;
He pours the ink over himself in a stream,
Then, sorry and angry, he sends forth a scream.



Naughty Aunt Katy comes back in a fright,
And laughs when she sees him in such a sad plight,
While mamma rushes in, with a horror-struck face,
To see the black imp in her white baby's place.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

EYES FOR THE KITTIES.



UST guess what I've got in my
apron, —
You see from outside it's alive!
I stole them, — old puss will be
coming;
They're kitties, Miss 'Lizabeth, —
five.
We've had them from Monday to
Monday;
They're splendid, but, oh! (Lillie
sighs)
They squirm, but can't play on the
haymow:
They have no eyes.

At home I can't venture to tell it;
Blind kittens, they'd say, are no good,
They'd be almost certain to drown 'em
And give to the turtles for food.
You are aunty to all of us children,
The dearest dear aunty in town;
Now 'specially don't tell one word to
Marion Brown.

You made me my beautiful dolly;
Papa said she looks 'markable wise.
Say, have you some more of the shining
Black beads that you gave her for eyes?
These poor things their thanks would be mewling;
How cunning this white one would be
With eyes standing out like my dolly's! —
Then it could see.

EYES FOR THE KITTIES.

The sweet pet is peeping this minute.
Look! look! it is such a surprise!
The black one, the gray, and two spotted,
Are all of them getting their eyes.
I'll carry them home to their mother,
They soon will be running alone;
A week the wee eyes only budded,
Now they are blown.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



"Seven,
Eight,
Lay
Them
Straight."



IN and out the busy needle
Flashing goes;
Through the sunny, latticed window,
Soft a baby zephyr blows;
Low she bends her silken head,
Drawing out the long white thread,
While the clock ticks overhead.



All the bonny daisies, dancing
In the breeze,
Beckon to the sunlit meadow,
Full of birds and flowers and bees;
And a robin, blithe and gay,
Swinging on a wild-rose spray,
Trills a mellow roundelay.

But the little busy lassie
(Only eight!)
Gazes at her work sedately,
Lays her hem so long and straight;
Stitches dainty seam and band
With a deft and dimpled hand,
Looking down demure and bland.

Louder ticks the clock and clearer
From the wall;
On the window-sill beside her
Drifting leaves and blossoms fall;
Low she droops her drowsy head,
Quite forgets to draw the thread,
Softly into dreamland led.

Through the window then flies Robin,
Bold and gay,
Plucks the long thread from the needle,
Bears it to his nest away,
And the tired little one,
Knowing not what he has done,
Sleeps on softly in the sun.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

THE WOODCHUCK'S HOLE.

TOM "had found something" on the
hill ;

We all went out to see ;

"A bird's-nest?" "No." "Some
field-mice?" "No."

"Oh, dear! what could it be?"

I hurried out the first of all,

And, happy little soul!

Beneath the pine-tree by the
wall

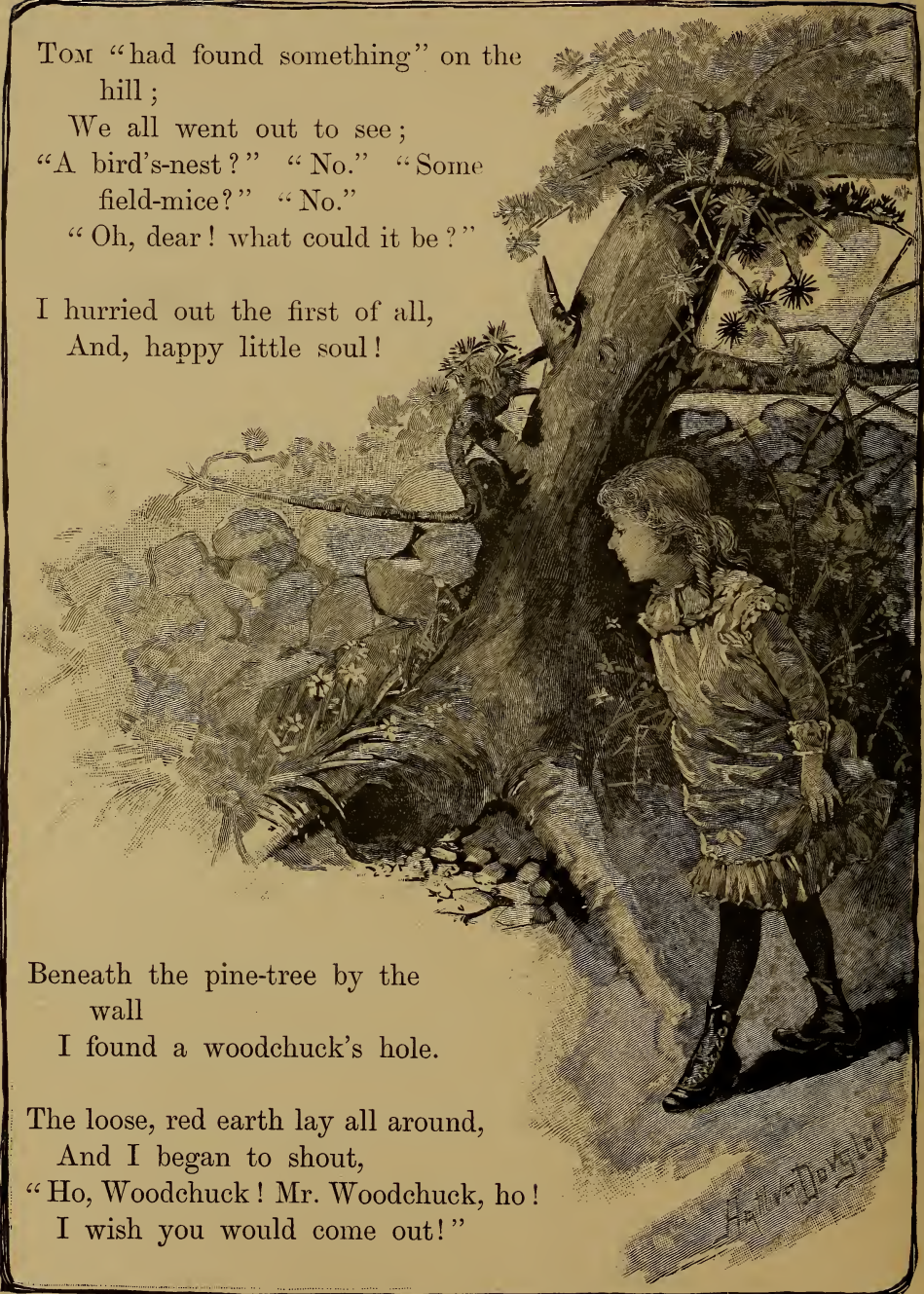
I found a woodchuck's hole.

The loose, red earth lay all around,

And I began to shout,

"Ho, Woodchuck! Mr. Woodchuck, ho!

I wish you would come out!"



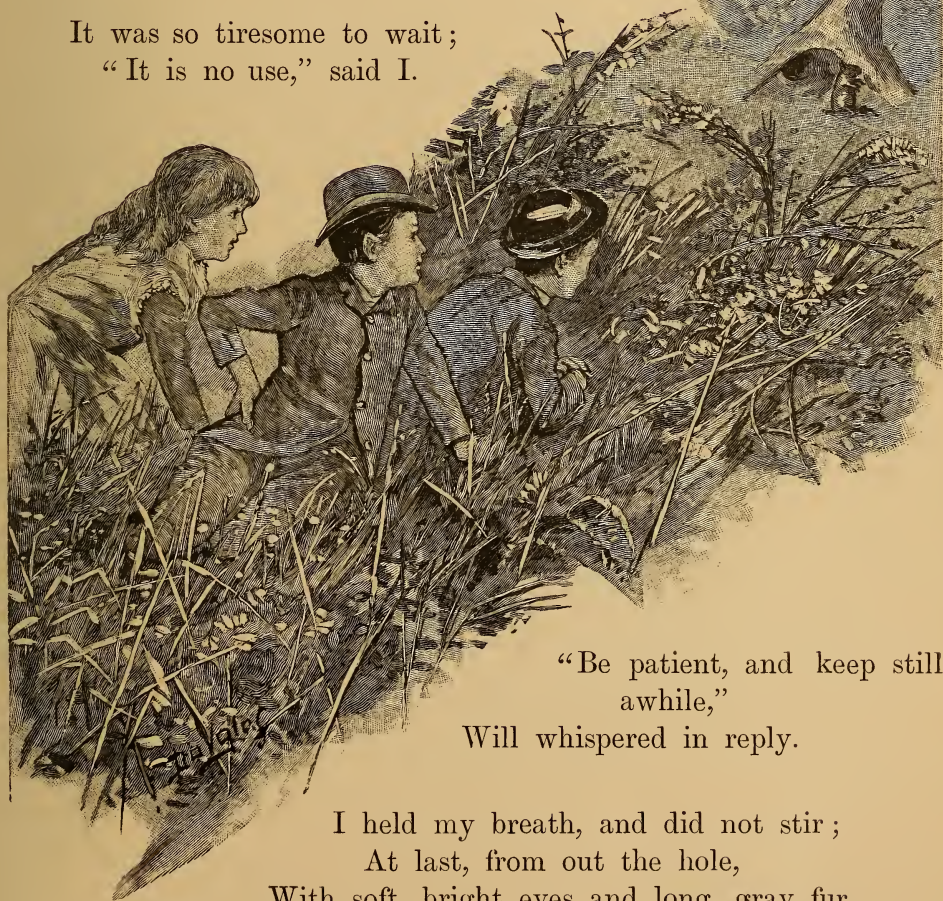
THE WOODCHUCK'S HOLE.

But, "Hush!" said Tommy, close behind.

"Hush! hush!" said Brother Will;
"The way to see the woodchuck is,
Be patient and keep still."

So, just a little way beyond,
Down in the grass, amid
The tall ferns and the blackberry-vines,
Like partridges, we hid.

It was so tiresome to wait;
"It is no use," said I.



"Be patient, and keep still
awhile,"
Will whispered in reply.

I held my breath, and did not stir;
At last, from out the hole,
With soft, bright eyes and long, gray fur,
A woodchuck slyly stole.

He munched a few green leaves ; he cropped
Some clovers, blooming red ;
Then straight on his back feet he stood,
And turned each way his head,

As if he listened to a sound.
'Twas such a funny sight,
To see him, as he looked around,
I laughed out for delight.

Back sprang the woodchuck to his hole ;
Out from the fern we came ;
"I did not mean to laugh," said I,
"I was not much to blame.

"But we should not have seen at all,
The woodchuck, Brother Will,
If I had not done as you said, —
Been patient, and kept still."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud,— quack! quack!”

“I!” cried the dandelion, “I!
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry.”
And she lifted a tousled yellow head
Out of her green grass bed.

“I hope ’twill pour! I hope ’twill pour!”
Purred the tree-toad at his gray bark door,
“For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weather-proof.”

FRANKIE'S BOAT.

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big, big river I grew to be,
And could find my way to the sea."

"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run,
With my high-top boots and rain-coat on,
Through every puddle and runlet and pool
I find on the road to school."

FRANKIE'S BOAT.

It is easy to learn
Which is the bow and which the stern.
The bow is the end to first push through
The water, sparkling a summer blue;
While the broader stern is behind to make
That shining track we call the wake.



FRANKIE'S BOAT.



Now, in either hand
You're to take an oar and push from land.
A steady stroke, click-clack, clack-click,
Ready and regular, not too quick,
With one at the tiller-ropes to guide,
And away we glide — away we glide.

How the ripples dash
At the bow, and drip from the oars, and splash!
Your cheeks will burn and your arms will ache,
Before you are half across the lake.
But pull away cheerily ; pull, you know
It makes boys strong and hearty to row !

Clack-click, click-clack,
Hither and thither, forward, back !
Rest awhile, now ; drift and float,
And watch beneath how another boat.
Bottom side up, goes where we go,
While pictured children row as you row.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

By Margaret Johnson.



WAKE, baby, wake!

The bright morning is breaking,
And down in the garden the old
mother-hen,

With a cluck and a cackle of pride, is
awaking,

Her downy wee darlings, her little
ones ten.

She is pretty and plump, and as white
as new milk,

And her chicks' yellow feathers are softer than silk;
A wonderful clamor the tiny things make!—

Baby, wake!

Coo, baby, coo!

To the open door creeping,

Your bread and milk stands on the sunshiny sill;
Right after its mother each chicken runs peeping,

A round, fluffy ball, with a wide yellow bill;
No pretty blue bowl for their breakfast have they,
For babies and chickens have each their own way:

They like their nice crumbs, and your bread and
milk, you. —

Baby, coo!

Laugh, baby, laugh!

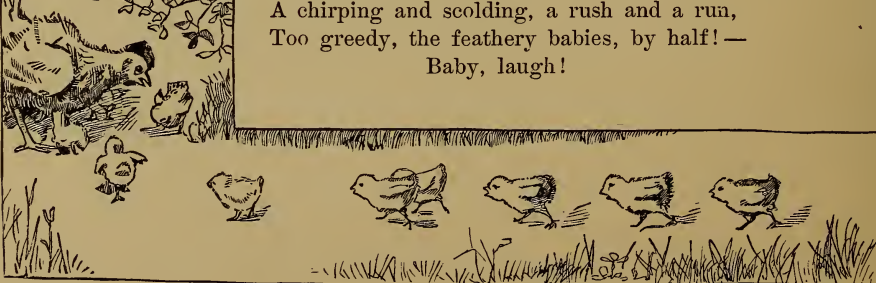
From your fair little fingers

The yellow corn falls in a scattering rain;
And never a chick in the eager brood lingers, —

They hurry and scramble to pick up the grain.
A flutter of feathers that shine in the sun,
A chirping and scolding, a rush and a run,
Too greedy, the feathery babies, by half! —

Baby, laugh!

"Nine
Ten
A Good
Fat
Hen"



"NINE, TEN, A GOOD FAT HEN."



Sleep, baby, sleep!
The long shadows are falling,
And down in the garden the pretty white hen,
With a cluck and a cackle, is sleepily calling
Her darlings together, her little ones ten.
She broods soft above them, the drowsy wee things,
That hide in the shade of her motherly wings,
And babies and chickens to Slumberland creep. —
Baby, sleep!



ES



REDWING'S SONG.

THE bogs show green in the meadow,
The brook goes babbling along;
High-perched, on a dead-limbed willow,
Gay redwing is whistling his song:—
“O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Here are we; come and see!

REDWING'S SONG.

"My little wife cares for the babies,—
I see them in yon grassy clump;
Do you think I will tell *you* just which one?
Be careful, now; look where you jump!
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Babies wee, babies three!

"Oh, fine is this bright, spring weather!
The tender leaves whisper around;
The shad-birch now whitens the hill-sides,
And violets sprinkle the ground.
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Envy me? *Envy* me?

"I cannot sing all I would like to.
My wife says, 'Be still as a mouse!'
But I do just dote on this willow,
And I dreadfully hate keeping house.
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!
Pity me? *Pity* me?

"We redwings are singers and poets;
In meadows and brooks we delight;
But, though glossy our shining black dress-coats,
Our family cares are not light.
O-ka-lee! Children three;
Don't you see? O-ka-lee-e!"

S. J. DOUGLASS.



FLUFFYDOWN'S JOURNEY.

FLUFFYDOWN'S nest swung high in a
tree

When the Maytime skies were blue
and fair,
And in it rocked her birdlings three,
With not a dream of anxious care.

One day she spied, on a distant
hill,

Some berries, so red and fair to see;
She said, "I will fly, and fly, until
I bring a treat to the birdlings
three."



H.P.B.

FLUFFYDOWN'S JOURNEY.

"Nay," father Brownny said; "let me go;
The way is long, and your wings are small."
Fluffydown, tossing her head, said, "No;
You must stay near, for the birdlings call."

She bathed her breast in the morning dew,
And preened her wings with dainty care;
Away from the tall tree-tops she flew,
With joyous song, through the fragrant air.

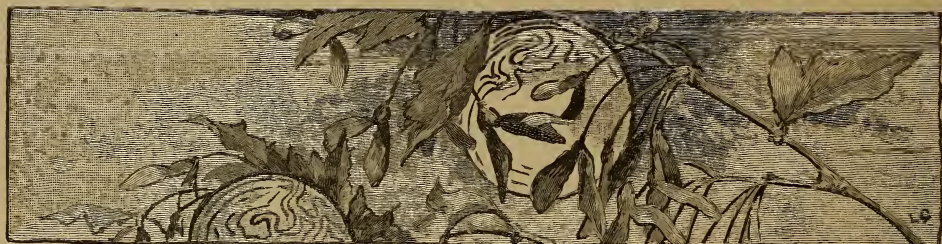
Resting her wings from her daring flight,
She warbles a sweet and merry trill,
Glancing to earth like a ray of light,
Her prize is gained on the distant hill.

She gathers her berry, happy and proud;
But the lightning played in the tree-top tall,
The rain dashed out of the drifting cloud,
Fiercely beating her wings so small.

But bravely she carried her little treat
To the birdlings three, in the old oak nest;
Where Brownny, waiting with song so sweet,
Welcomed her back from her wayward quest.

ANNIE D. BELL.





THE NIGHTHAWK.

WHEN I was a boy,—I'll never say when ;
But the boys of ten were not old as men,—
The nighthawk seemed the funniest bird
I ever had heard ; upon my word
A wonderful thing, with that boys' delight,
A free-pass circus every night.
Two words he uttered, and only those ;
He speaks them still,—they are all he knows :
“Beef!”—like the Punch and Judy man,
“Pork!”—like the Giant Cormoran.

When the summer sun is sinking low,
And you see it red through the apple-boughs,
The farm-boy starts with glee to go
To the old stone pasture for the cows,
With his eye on high to the cloudless sky ;
For then the nighthawk, full of his sky talk,
Climbs the heavens and utters his cry,
Shrill and brief: “Beef! Beef!”

At first one sees, just over the trees,
The bird go fluttering up at his ease,



THE NIGHTHAWK.

By slow degrees, in a wavering way,
Like an errand boy inclined to play;
And at every height of his jerky flight,
Till he rises almost out of sight,
That comical cry comes down the sky,
Like an arrow from Diana's sheaf:

“Beef! Beef!”

Standing under, you look and wonder
How far will he rise in the blue up yonder?
And think, alack! will he ever come back?
He has passed two signs of the Zodiac,
Aries and Taurus,—the sheep and the ox,
We see here feeding among the rocks.
Then suddenly down from his dizzy summit
He plunges, straight as a joiner's plummet;
So swiftly down you fancy his bones
Will be crushed to splinters among the stones;
But just as you shudder for poor nighthawk

In his madcap work,

He turns short up with his cry of “Pork!”
Hoarse and hollow; and then you follow
The new flight up, of the sauntering rover,
Playing the same part over and over;
Forever a wonder, and ever a joy,
To the eager soul of the farmer's boy,
Who cannot guess, in his thoughtlessness,
What is the meaning of all this show
In the great blue tent in the evening glow,
With “beef” so high and “pork” so low.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.



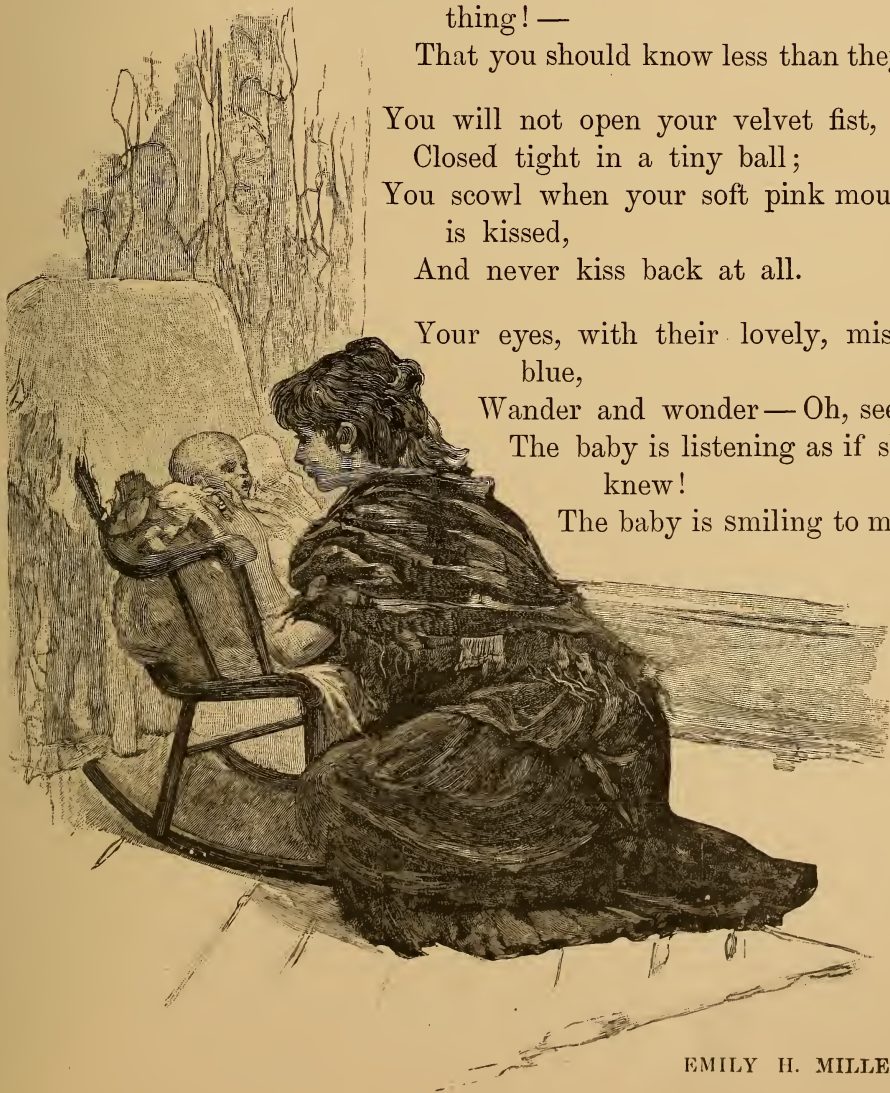
LITTLE KNOW-NOTHING.

LISTEN, my baby! Nobody's near,
Only the kittens small;
I'll whisper something close in your ear,
You never must tell at all.

Two white kittens, with ball and string,
Race, and tumble, and play;
Isn't it strange — you queer little
thing! —
That you should know less than they?

You will not open your velvet fist,
Closed tight in a tiny ball;
You scowl when your soft pink mouth
is kissed,
And never kiss back at all.

Your eyes, with their lovely, misty
blue,
Wander and wonder — Oh, see!
The baby is listening as if she
knew!
The baby is smiling to me!



EMILY H. MILLER.



OLD DAME CRICKET.

OLD Dame Cricket,
Down in a thicket,
Brought up her children nine,—
Queer little chaps,
In glossy black caps
And brown little suits so fine.

“My children,” she said,
“The birds are abed :
Go and make the dark earth glad !
Chirp while you can !”
And then she began,
Till, oh, what a concert they had !

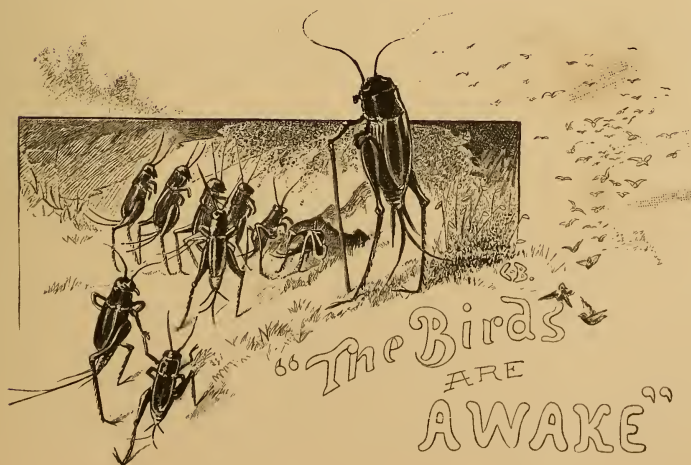
They hopped with delight,
They chirruped all night,
Singing, “Cheer up ! cheer up ! cheer !”
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till dawn to hear.

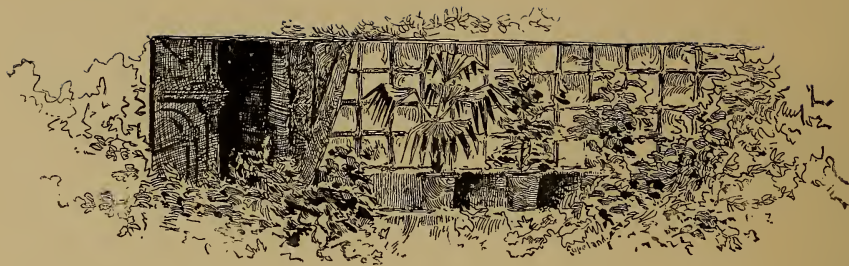
OLD DAME CRICKET.



“Nice children,” she said,
“And very well-bred.
My darlings have done their best.
Their naps they must take:
The birds are awake;
And they can sing all the rest.”

GEORGE COOPER.





A FAIRY WORKSHOP.

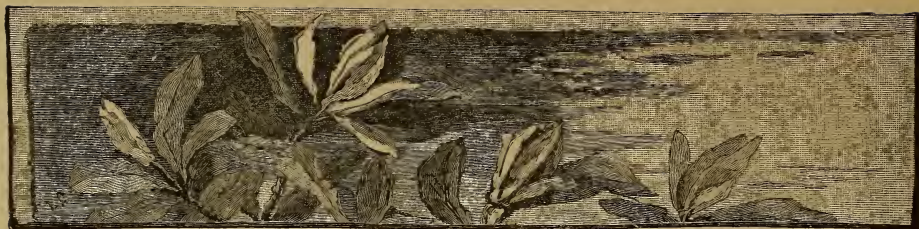
HERE'S a shady maple, and a grassy seat ;
Here are glorious burdocks nodding by the street.
Pick the purple blossoms, covered thick with hooks ;
Stick them close together, making graceful crooks.
Put the stem-ends inside, let the soft tufts show ;
See what pretty playthings on our burdocks grow !

Plates, and cups, and saucers ; sofa, chairs, and bed ;
Baskets by the dozen, painted green and red ;
Cradle for Miss Dolly, with its arching top ;
Trunks to hold her wardrobe, — shall we ever stop ?
Now we've got enough toys weeks and weeks to last ;
They will please dear Dolly after flowers are past.

When the chill winds whistle, and the snow-clouds float,
And you see poor Burdock in his ragged coat,
Do not scorn acquaintance, his is lasting love ;
Close his fingers clasp you, — do not try to move.
Let him tell his story, — beg you'll be his friend
When the coming summers fairy playthings send.

S. J DOUGLASS.





THE HONEST OLD TOAD.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,
A funny old fellow is he;
Living under the stone by the side of the road,
'Neath the shade of the old willow tree.

He is dressed all in brown,
From his toe to his crown,
Save his vest, that is silvery white.
He takes a long nap in the heat of the day
And walks in the cool, dewy night.

"Yaup, yaup," says the frog,
From his home in the bog;

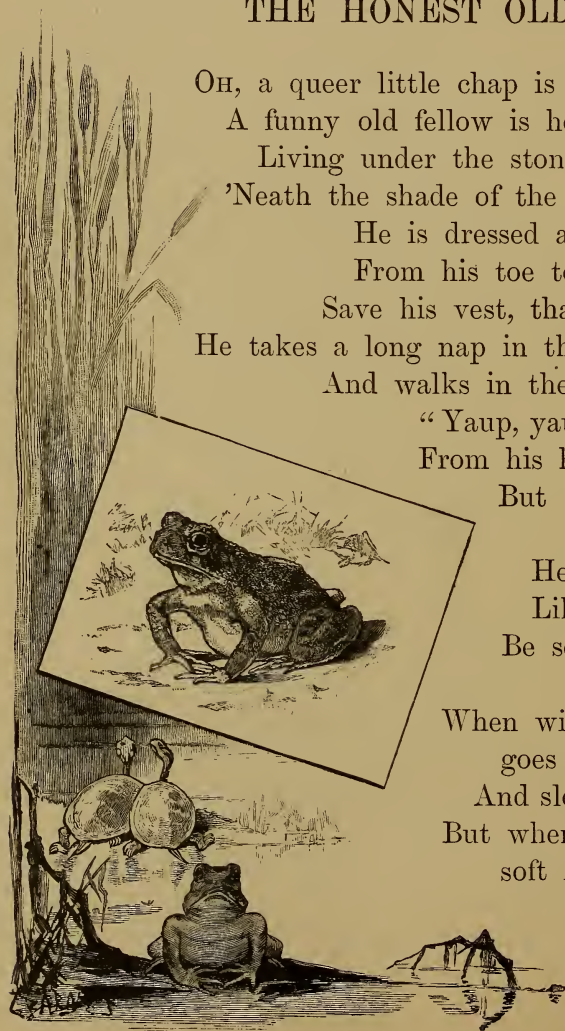
But the toad, he says never a
word.

He tries to be good,
Like the children, who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad
goes to bed,

And sleeps just as sound as a top,
But when May-blossoms follow the
soft April showers,

He comes out with a skip,
jump, and hop.

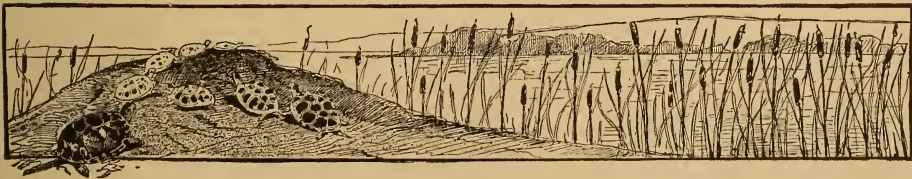


THE HONEST OLD TOAD.

He changes his dress
Only once, I confess,
Every spring, and his old, worn-out coat
With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball,
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.
“K-rruk, k-rruk,” says the frog,
From his home in the bog;
But the toad, he says never a word.
He tries to be good,
Like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

His legs they are long, and he leaps when he walks,
Outstepping us all at a bound,
He wears both his eyes on the top of his head.
Queer place for one's eyes to be found!
You may think him a fright,
And of course you are right;
But his ugliness I would defend,
For he dines on the bugs that destroy the sweet flowers.
He's the gardener's assistant and friend.
“Yaup, yaup,” says the frog,
From his home in the bog;
But the toad, he says never a word.
He tries to be good,
Like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.





ROBIN'S NEW YEAR.

ON the snowy branch of the holly-bush
A gay little redbreast sings;
"Happy New Year to all, to all," says he.
Oh! loudly his greeting rings.
And in the warm nursery, way high up,
From the window-pane looks down
A dear little girl with sunshiny hair,
And a boy with eyes so brown.

To Robin they call, "Ho, ho! little bird,
Why singing so gayly, pray?
The snow it is deep, the wind it is keen;
You'll freeze with the cold to-day."—
"Icicles hang on the mistletoe bough,
And snow on the meadow lies,
But I fear not the cold this New-Year's morn,"
The brave little bird replies.

"For God he is good, and God he is Love;
He made the land and the sea,
And the God that sees when the sparrows fall
Will also take care of me."
Then he eats with a thankful heart the crumbs
That the small white hands let fall,
And sings from his swing in the holly-bush,
"Happy New Year to all, to all!"

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



"Eleven, Twelve Dig and Delve:"

By
Margaret Johnson



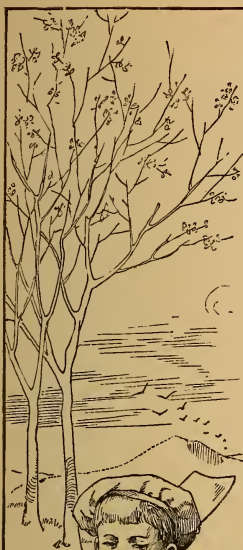
WANTED to bring you some gold," he said,
With a flush on his warm, little cheek, rose-
red,

And a shake of his tresses sunny.

"Before the rainbow had faded away,
I climbed to the top of the hill to-day,
To dig for the pot of money.

"I parted the grasses that grew on the knoll;
And dug and dug such a deep, dark, hole,
But I wish my hands were stronger!





I'm sure that the rainbow touched the ground
Just there, and perhaps I might have found
The gold if I'd waited longer.

"But I grew so tired and hot pretty soon,
That, when all the bells were ringing for noon,
I gave up trying to find it.
I don't much think, after all,—do you?
The story they told me can be quite true;
But please, oh, please, not to mind it!

"For look what I gathered and brought you
instead."

With a dimple in each round cheek, he said;
"I think they are just as splendid,—
A posy as big as my hand would hold,
Of buttercups shining and yellow as gold,
That grew where the rainbow ended."

He poured the gay blossoms out over my knee,
And lifted a pair of red lips to me,

With a kiss that was sweeter than honey;
And never was treasure so fair in my sight,
Nor would I give one of his buttercups bright
For a pot running over with money!





A LATE SPRING.

First Bluebird.

A—CHEE! ke-chee! ke-chee!
I sneeze so terribly,
I sneeze so terribly!

Second Bluebird.

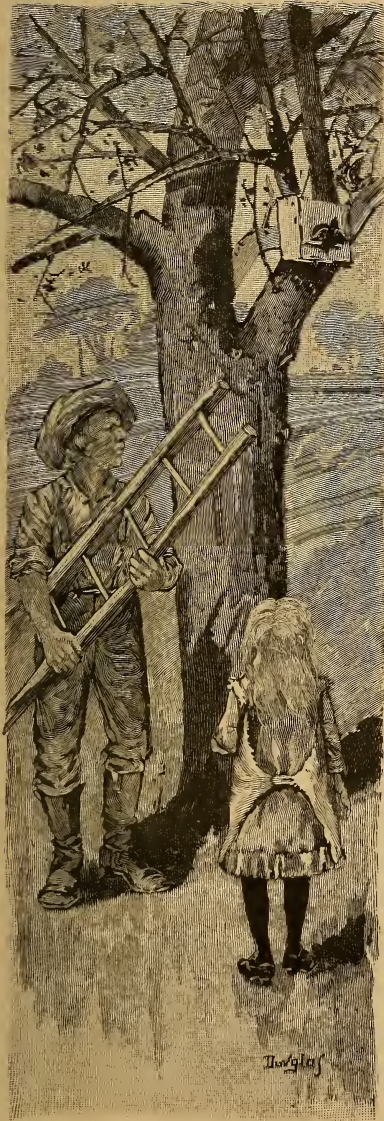
And I—I cough and cough
My little head almost off,
My poor head almost off!

First Bluebird.

When I set out I thought
A faint, sweet breath I caught
Of crocuses a-blow
Under the snow,

A LATE SPRING.

And a waft of that warm rain
That gives the root to the grain,
And to the hills their sheen
Of early green.



Second Bluebird.

I came because I had in my breast
A homesick pang for the dear old
nest.

I remembered well how little Gold
Locks

Looked on while her grandpa nailed
a box,

For us to build in, against the bough—
Ah, me! I see his white hair
now! —

(Sob, sob,) And we've found it this
very day

Torn by the cruel wind away.

First Bluebird.

A-chee! a-chee! ke-chee!

My cold grows worse, you see!

There's snow on this limb, and no
one knows

How cold snow feels to my tender
toes!

Second Bluebird.

Let's sing a little! *Chee-ree, chee-ree,*
Trittery-tree, tra-la, twittery-twee!

A LATE SPRING.

That's hoarse. Now while I try again
You keep your eye on the window-pane,
And if you see something there, sunny and red,
You may know 'tis the little girl Gold Locks' head.

Cheer-ee, cheer-ee,

Bubble, cheer-ee!

First Bluebird.

I see her, *twittery-twee!*

She is looking at me!

And grandpa, too,—they both have heard
The first bluebird.

Second Bluebird.

We are safe! We are safe!

It was right to come;

They will soon have ready

A nice new home!

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.





MARCH

I COME with a shout,
And scatter about
The things that I find in my way;
Through city and town
I rush with a frown,
And over the hills away.

I bluster and blow,
And sweep off the snow,
For carpets as never were seen;
And raise such a breeze
The shrubs and the trees
Don quickly their loveliest green.

E. A. DAVIS.





SOMETHING SURE.

“WHAT a pity nothing ever
Has a beauty that will stay!”
Said our thoughtful little Nellie,
Stopping briefly in her play.
“All these velvet pansies withered,—
And I picked them just to-day!”

“And there’s nothing very certain,”
Answered Bess, with face demure;
“When it rains we can’t go driving,—
I wish promises were truer!
I could rest, if I were certain
Of a single thing that’s sure!”

Grandma smiled from out her corner,
Smoothing back a soft gray tress:
“Sixty seconds make a minute;
Did you know it, little Bess?—
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Never more, and never less.

“For the seconds in a minute,
Whether full of work or fun,
Or the minutes in an hour,
Never numbered sixty-one!

SOMETHING SURE.

That is one thing that is certain
Ever since the world begun.



“Though the rose may lose its crimson,
And the buttercup its gold,
There is something, through all changes,
You may always surely hold:
Truth can never lose its beauty,
Nor its strength, by growing old.”

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.



POLLY'S BABY.

ALL in the daintiest cradle
That baby could wish to own,
It lay contentedly winking,
Where Polly had left it alone.
It wasn't a mere doll-baby;
Ah, no! that Polly would scorn;
But this she loved through the daytime,
And dreamed of from night till morn.

POLLY'S BABY.

A cap its small head adorning,
A robe of cambric so white,
And round its waist, for a "dress up,"
A ribbon so blue and bright!
Its eyes were, Polly thought, lovely,
Because they were gray, and she
Was always brushing the soft hair,
As black as black hair could be.



But once our Polly was naughty,
And struck her baby at last;
When, lo! it jumped out of the cradle,
And scampered from danger fast.
Do you think that was strange for a baby —
For Polly's wee baby — to do?
Why, children, 'twas only a kitty,
Brimful of mischief — and mew!

M. D. BRINE.

Just for Fun.

by
Julia A. Melvin
pictured by
A. Bremner



one day:

little month of March to his mother said

"If I be a good boy may I go out to play?"

"Yes, if you be gentle and sing a pretty song,
Keeping out of mischief you can march along."

Mamma brought his mittens overcoat and cap,
Wound a woolen muffler round the little chap.

March climbed on the housetop meaning to be good;
Ate a big long icicle for simple cooling food.

"A fellow must amuse himself:" How, he didn't
Then March blew down the chimney, hard as he could know;
blow!

What a puff of smoke came into the frying-pan!
Pussy humped her back and spat and for out-doors ran.



April in her cradle, tiniest baby-girl,
Was truly lifted off the floor with a whisk and whirl;
Grandma's cap flew off her head, ashes strewed the floor;
Little month of March laughed till he could laugh no more:
Turned a dozen summersaults, piled the snow like sheaves,
Dashed the row of icicles off the cottage eaves.



Little month of March had his frolic—Oh, but pray
If asked about the mischief what will he have to say?



WHAT BECAME OF DIMPLE'S BUBBLE.

LITTLE Dimple darling, sitting in the sun,
Blowing pretty bubbles, one by one; —
Isn't Dimple darling having right good fun?

Little Dimple darling blows a big one bright,
Sees it on the breezes soaring high and light,
Claps her little hands at the pretty, dainty sight.

Up it goes, still higher, till Dimple darling cries,
With a sudden light in her loving, soft blue eyes,
“Oh! I *hope* it's going where May lives, up in the skies!”

WHAT BECAME OF DIMPLE'S BUBBLE?

May's the little sister who went to heaven one day,
And ever since wee Dimple has missed her at her play,
And often asks mamma, "How much longer will she stay?"

Now the bubble dances still higher in the air,
Upward little Dimple still lifts her face so fair;
Eagerly she's shouting, "Oh, it's almost, almost there!"

But presently the bubble has disappeared from view.
Has it burst, I wonder? Ah! but the watching eyes of blue
Have *seen* it sail to heaven; and Dimple says it's true

That her lovely, precious bubble was caught by sister May,
Who, even up in heaven, with Dimple likes to play.
"But, mamma," she questions sadly, "how much longer will she
stay?"

MARY D. BRINE.





Teen,
 Fourteen,
 Maid
 a-Cour-
 tin' "



WHAT can I do, a hapless swain,
 Besieged by bonny lassies twain,
 Both loving, and both fair?
 They will not let me run away,
 But hold me, with tyrannic sway,
 Here, in my easy-chair.

About my neck their arms they twine;
 Their rosy, dimpled cheeks to mine
 Endearingly they press.

"THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN, MAIDS A-COURTIN'."

They whisper, in my bended ear,
Soft words, that no one else can hear,
With many a mute caress.

They give me glances coy and bright,
From eyes brimful of laughing light ;
They smile, and then they sigh ;
And if I wear a warning frown
They draw their pretty faces down,
And feign, forsooth, to cry !

They practise every airy art
To win away my guarded heart.
Oh, be the truth confest !—
Already is it gone from me,
And I henceforth a slave must be,
And bend to their behest.

They've stabbed me with their bonny eyes,
And caught and held their captive prize,
Fast tangled in their curls.
I yield me to their sovereign sway—
My sweethearts twain—my lassies gay—
My own two little girls !

MARGARET JOHNSON.





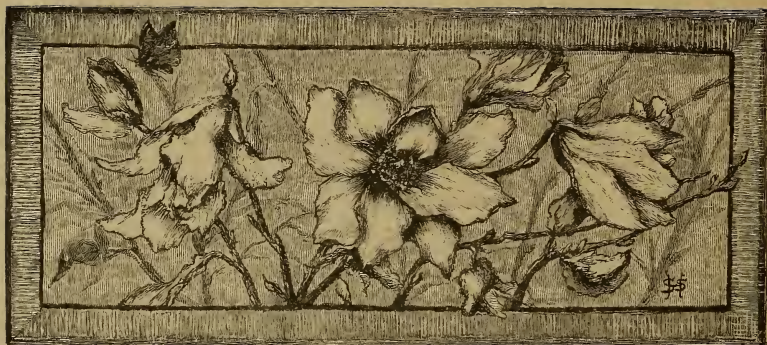
AN OLD-TIME LULLABY.

UP the stair they merrily climb,—
Three little white gowns at sleepy-time,
Big brother Benny and baby Grace,
And funny Wee-boy with the happy face;
And mamma sings, as they mount the stair,
These cranky words to a queer old air,—
“Go to bed, sleepy-head,
And sleep for money to buy a cow!”

Said Benny, “Such humbug I never heard!
And I don’t believe it a single word.
If I slept all night, and slept all day,
Do you think I’d be any richer, say?”
The Wee-boy nodded his curly head.
“Mamma, sing it aden!” the baby said;
“Go to bed, sleepy-head,
And sleep for money to buy a cow.”

Said Benny, “Who made such a silly song?
It tells a story; it must be wrong.”—
“I can’t tell, Benny, I only know,
It was sung to me, long years ago,





THE CALF THAT WENT TO SCHOOL.

A DOZEN little boys and girls,
With sun-browned cheeks and flaxen curls,
Stood in a row one day, at school,
And each obeyed the teacher's rule.
Bright eyes were on their open books,
Outside the sunny orchard nooks
Sent fragrant breezes through the room
To whisper of the summer's bloom.

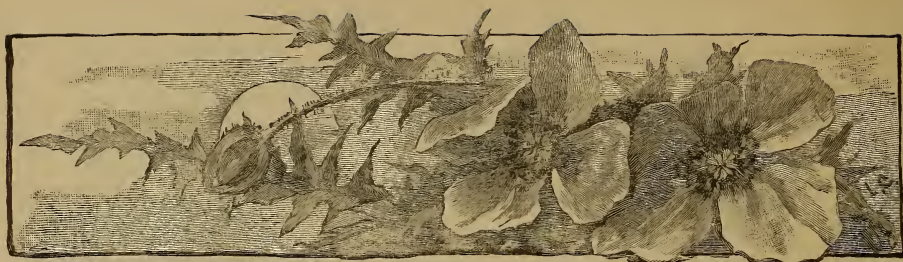
A busy hum of voices rose,
The morning lesson neared its close,
When "tap, tap, tap," upon the floor,
Made every eye turn to the door.
A little calf, that wandered by,
Had chanced the children there to spy,
And trotted in to join the class,
Much to the joy of lad and lass.

THE CALF THAT WENT TO SCHOOL.



Their A B, Ab, and B A, Ba,
It heard, and solemnly did say:
"Baa! Baa!" then scampered to the green,
And never since in school has been.
Those girls and boys soon learned to spell
And read and write; but who can tell
How great that little calf became?
It may be, now, a cow of fame!
Or was that "Baa!" all that it knew?
I think it must have been. Dcn't you?

GEORGE COOPER.



JANET'S FANCY.

DEAR Janet thinks she is a flower, —

She told me in the softest whisper ;

And smiling at the fancy
sweet,

I turned to kiss the fairy
lisper.

On Monday morn she was
a rose —

(How soft her dark-blue
eyes, how dreamy !)

A white rose bathed in
odorous dew,

Its petals satin-smooth
and creamy.

A bright carnation pink next
day,

Rose-hued as clouds at dawn's
first flushing,

She deemed her happy self to
be,

While laughter sweet came
rippling, gushing.



JANET'S FANCY.

A fragile, filmy fleur-de-lis,
A sapphire lily, tall and slender,
When Wednesday morning came, was she,
For grave her fancies were, and tender.

But filled to-day with childish glee,
A-thrill with joyous life and pleasure,
She is a spray of golden-rod,
A heap of glittering, yellow treasure.

I see the white rose on her brow,
The pink on lips and cheeks is glowing,
The lily's blue is in her eye,
The golden-rod her tresses flowing.

So when she calls herself a flower,
How can I chide for pretty fiction?
Indeed, I'll whisper soft to you,
I'm reaching fast the same conviction.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.





Fifteen,
Six-
teen,

Maids

in the Kitchen :

"I'LL make me a cake!" said golden-haired
Nell, —

"A cake full of raisins and spice,
With citron cut fine, and a flavor of wine,
Or anything else that is nice;
And then I shall frost it, an inch or two
deep,

With a beautiful
cream-colored
ice."



"FIFTEEN, SIXTEEN, MAIDS IN THE KITCHEN."

"I'll make me a pie," said grave little Kate, —

"A pie with the lightest of crust.

It may be of mince, of apple, or quince,

But be rich and delicious it must.

The top I shall prick, and sprinkle it thick

With a coating of sugary dust."

"I'll make me a pudding," said babyish Bess, —

"A pudding as big as my head,

With milk and with crumbs, and the biggest of plums,

And over it all I shall spread,

Not layers of sugar or cream-colored ice,

But a sauce, with vanilla, instead."

So these three little maids were as busy young cooks

As ever there were in the land.

And of what did they make the pie, and the cake,

And the pudding, too, I understand,

But a pailful of water, some Timothy grass,

And plenty of pebbles and sand!

MARGARET JOHNSON.





SEVEN TIMES ONE.

MERRY-Sunshine-Bluebell girl,
All my fond thoughts fly and furl,
Close their wings about your head.
May dear angels round you spread
Joy from morn to setting sun,—
For to-day you're "seven times one."

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

Winds that fly from you to me
Early, gently, ceaselessly,
Whisper, "We have seen her wake,
Gifts and kisses shyly take;
We have touched her dainty cheek,
Heard her gayly, sweetly speak
Of the day that makes her seven, —
Golden day from morn to even."

Down I wander to the glen,
Meeting whispers there again:
Leaves that shake, and waves that whirl,
Murmur of my birthday girl.
Soft the leaves are, like her hair,
And the brook-foam is as fair.
Over me the sapphire skies
Shine like her own gentle eyes.
Break, O brook, in bubbling laughter!
Only half you copy after
Her who came with morning sun, —
Her who now is "seven times one."

Little morning-glory child,
Bright as morn, as morning mild,
Twine and wreath thy fragile soul, —
Delicate as the waves that roll
Here in rainbows to my feet, —
Twine and wreath thee in our hearts,
Sheltered be from storm and smarts;
Cover us with dainty bloom;
In our love find sunny room
For thy dreams, songs, sallies mild,
Blessed morning-glory child!

DAY NOBLE.







WHAT THEN, BABY?

WHEN the golden sun goes down,
What then? What then, baby?
Little birdies hide away,
All the wee lambs homeward stray;
To its lily-home the bee
Hums across the dewy lea;
Baby's eyelids downward creep,—
Baby's last to go to sleep!
Do you know that, baby?

When the sun peeps up at morn,
What then? What then, baby?
Little birdies wake and sing,
All the wee lambs baa and spring;
Cow-bells tinkle o'er the lea;
From the lily hums the bee;
But, to softly coo and call,
Baby wakes the first of all!
Do you know that, baby?

GEORGE COOPER.

TWILIGHT FANCIES.



LITTLE one, here in the
twilight,
Nestled against my heart,
With wondering eyes up-
lifted,
And questioning lips
apart,
Surely a sweeter wisdom
Than old philosophers
teach,
Lies in the childish fancies
Dropped from your silver
speech.

“I see a beautiful angel,
With wings, and a shining
dress ;
He’s flying away from the
‘sundown
To light up the stars, I
guess :
The robin up in the tree-top
Is trying to sing his
prayer ;
If I should sing, ‘ Now I lay
me,’
Do you think that the
Lord would care ?

“If I were away up yonder,
Close by that twinkling star,
Do you think you could see me, mamma,
And I could see you, so far ?

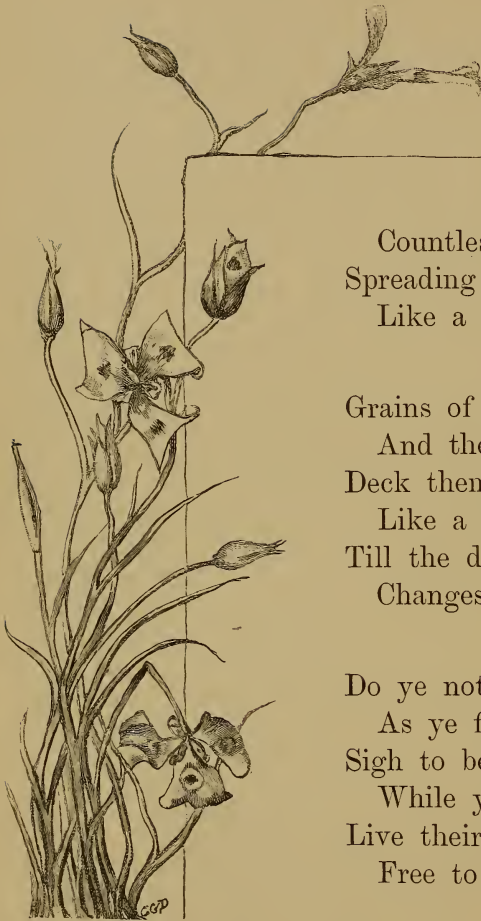
If no one has been to heaven,
I don't see how they can tell;
But little girls might get lonesome,
Who don't know God very well.

"Just see how the stars are winking,
And the moon is nodding her head;
At night, when there's nobody looking,
Does she creep in a cloud to bed?
Now sing me about the mother
Shaking the dreamland tree,
I'll open my eyes and tell you
If a little dream falls for me."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



THE MARIPOSAS.



NODDING on the sunny hill-
sides,
Smiling to the cloudless
skies,
Making bright the barren
places,

Countless mariposas rise,
Spreading out their tinted petals
Like a troop of butterflies.

Grains of gold are in their rootlets,
And they draw them to the sun;
Deck themselves in shining armor
Like a king upon his throne;
Till the dull old world about them
Changes to a fairy one.

Do ye not, O mariposas!
As ye flaunt and glitter there,
Sigh to be in chains and captive
While your brethren of the air
Live their little day in freedom
Free to wander everywhere?

Nay, I need not ask the question!
You, at least, are all content,
Glad to live where God has placed you,
Glad to be what God has meant,
Glad to brighten all about you,
Glad to fade when life is spent.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.



THE LITTLE PEDLERS.

We 'RE playing we are pedlers,
 And we're going up and down,
 Just as they do to sell their goods
 To people in the town.

Now won't you buy an elephant,
 It's not so very big?
 Perhaps you'd like a curly dog,
 Or our funny china pig.

We each one have a basket,
 To carry on our backs;
 We've filled them full of every-
 thing,
 And play they are our packs.

Then we have some ribbons,
 Some apples, and some cake;
 We'll be delighted to supply
 Whatever choice you make.

MELLICENT MOOR.



THE FIRST BIRTHDAY.

ONE little year with its changeful hours,
Blossoming meadows and wintry showers,
Shadow and sun.
Shadow and sun, and rain and snow;
Morning splendor and evening glow;
The flying minutes, — how fast they go! —
And the little year is done.

What has it brought to the baby, pray, —
The princess who holds our hearts in sway?
A queenlier air,
A merrier laugh for lips and eyes,
A deeper frown of grave surprise,
A hundred ways that prove her wise,
And sweet as she is fair.

Kiss her once for the year that is done,
And once for the year that is just begun,
And softly sing, —
“The years that are coming so fast — so fast —
Each brighter and happier be than the last;
And every hour that goes hurrying past,
New gifts to our baby bring!”

MARGARET JOHNSON.

THE FIRST BIRTHDAY.





LITTLE MISS CATHIE THE ARTIST.

LITTLE Miss Cathie sits under a tree, —
A four-year-old, golden-haired “artist” is she.
With her slate and her pencil she’s sketching to-day
A little brown bird and a small squirrel gray.
One swings on a twig, and cares nothing for art,
The other in hunting for dinner takes part.
But, nothing dismayed, the wee artist sits still,
And sketches her models to suit her own will.

LITTLE MISS CATHIE THE ARTIST.

The little brown bird is beginning to sing,
The squirrel is chattering till the woods ring;
The sunbeams are peeping beneath Cathie's hat,
And kissing the dimples in round cheeks so fat;
The breezes are humming a lullaby sweet,
The crickets are chirping 'neath Cathie's small feet;
Till all of a sudden, so drowsy is she,
That she slips into dreamland right under the tree.



Then down hops the birdie, and spying around,
He sees Cathie's slate as it lies on the ground;
And up skips the squirrel the drawing to view,
And much interested indeed are the two.
But what it is meant for, I'm sorry to say,
Is beyond the brown bird, and the small squirrel gray.
Yet looking awhile, a decision they fix,
And call it an excellent picture of — *sticks*.

MARY D. BRINE.



THE HANG BIRD'S NEST

— A CRADLE SONG —

Rock-a-by, birdies, upon the elm-tree,
Where the long limbs wave gently
and free ;

Tough as a bow-string, and drooping
and small,

Nothing can break them to give you
a fall :

Rock-a-by, birdies, along with the
breeze,

All the leaves over you humming
like bees ;

High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low !

Wonder how papa-bird braided that
nest,

Binding the twigs about close to his
breast ;

Wonder how many there are in your
bed,

Bonny swing-cradle hung far over-
head.

© 1898
H. Garrett
133.

THE HANG-BIRD'S NEST.



Never mind, birdies, how lightly it swings,
Mother-bird covers you close with her wings.
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

Rock-a-by, birdies, there's no one to tire;
Mother rides with you; her wings are like fire;
All the bright feathers are round you so warm;
Rain cannot reach you and wind cannot harm;
Pretty bird-babies, let baby go swing
In your high cradle while mamma shall sing:
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

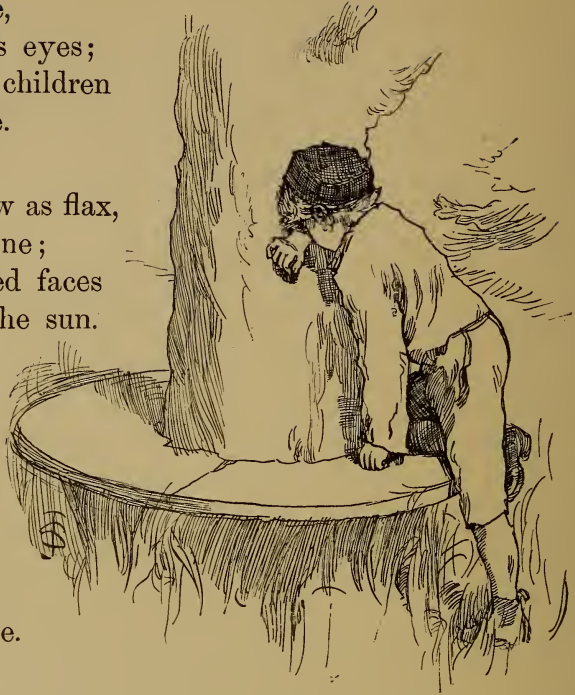
GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

"I SPY."

TED leaned against a tree,
With his arm across his eyes;
About him was a group of children
Of every color and size.

There were heads as yellow as flax,
One black, one curly one;
And all their little freckled faces
Were burnt brown in the sun.

It was Teddy's turn to
blind,
And at his "One, two,
three,"
Tiptoe, like frightened
mice, they scampered
Away from the apple-tree.



Whisk, every one was
gone
In just a jiffy of
time!
And hidden too, even
while he shouted
His final sing-song
rhyme.

And then began the
search.

"Hullo," cried Ted,
"I spy!"—

As this and that one
he discovered
With quick and
eager eye.

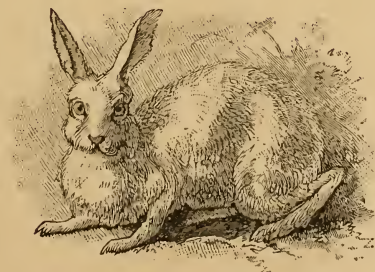
"I SPY."

Up from the nearest fence,
Out from behind a bush,
From lurking-place, peep-hole, and corner,
They came with hurry and rush.



Not one but what Ted's eyes
After a while could find.
"I spy," he called, and kept on calling! —
Whose turn was it to blind?

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.





SAID the sparrows to the snow-flakes,
 "Where did you come from, pray?
You make the trees all wet and cold;
 We wish you'd go away."

Said the snow-flakes to the sparrows,
 "Don't be so rude and bold;
Your feather coats are nice and warm,
 You cannot feel the cold."

Said the sparrows to the snow-flakes,
 "You cover up the way;
We'll starve, because we cannot find
 A thing to eat to-day."

"Dear sparrows," said the snow-flakes,
 Now do not get so mad.
We come from yonder cloudland,
 To make the children glad;

“And the little ones who love us,
They love the sparrows too;
They ’ll scatter crumbs each morning,
And houses build for you.”

“Of course we will, and gladly,”
Said the little children all.
“We love the tiny snow-flakes ;
We love the sparrows small.”

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.





BABY WILLIE.

BABY WILLIE, dressed so warm,
What cares he for wind and storm?
Sleighbells jingling as we go
Skimming o'er the ice and snow.

Baby Willie laughs in glee
As we glide so merrily.
Jolly fun, he thinks, to ride,
With his sister by his side.

OUR ARMY.

Baby Willie, brother mine,
Whose soft arms my neck entwine,
On my cheeks so lovingly
Sweetest kisses gives to me.

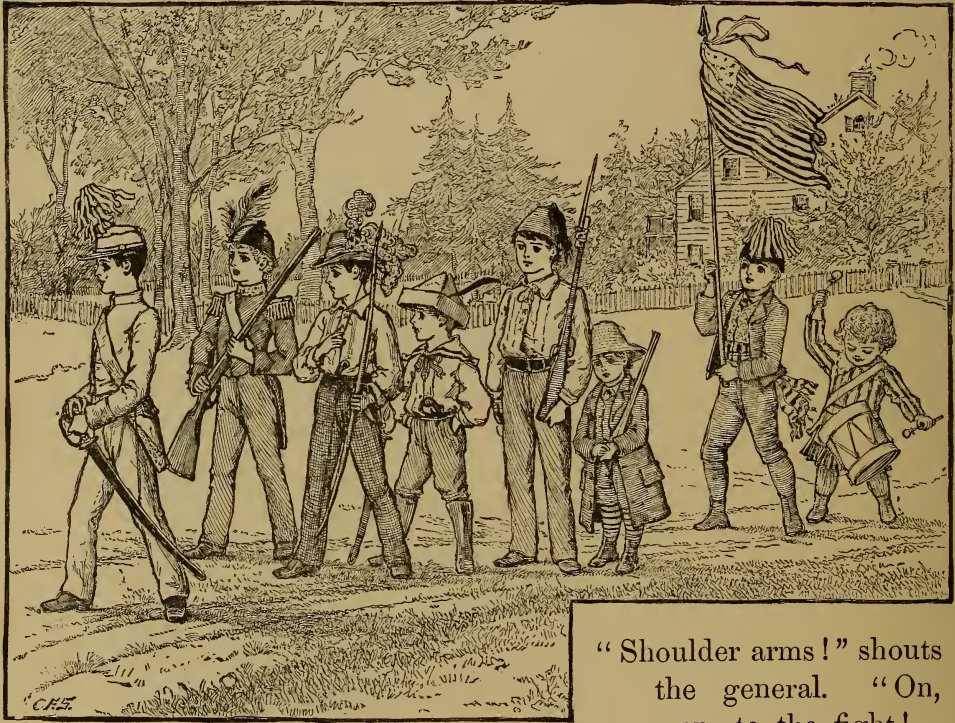
Rosy lips and golden hair,
Dark blue eyes and cheeks so fair;
To us all his smile brings joy,
Darling Willie, baby boy!

OUR ARMY.

FIRST comes General Charlie, so gallant and gay,
In jacket of scarlet and trousers of gray;
With fierce nodding plumes and loud clanking sword, —
A sight to strike fear to the enemy's horde.
Then comes Captain Josie, so dashing and bold,
In blue soldier's coat and epaulets gold;
With weapon in hand and fire in his eye,
He looks ready to fight for his country or die.
Then Brigadier Artie, so sullen and grand,
With good bow and arrow tight held in his hand;
A knife in his belt and sword in its sheath, —
Our brigadier truly is armed to the teeth.
Now Lieutenant Allen, with soldierly tread,
And paper cocked-hat on his haughty young head.
Then follows the sergeant. I'm really afraid
This army is all of officers made,
But one little private, who, gun on his arm,
Looks ready to fly at the faintest alarm.

OUR ARMY.

Freddy, the flag-bearer, follows in haste,
A gay silken scarf knotted tight round his waist;
While the colors we honor, — the red, white and blue, —
From the end of his staff flutter gayly in view.
Small drummer-boy Glen closes up in the rear
With a rub-a-dub-dub most inspiring to hear.



“Shoulder arms!” shouts
the general. “On,
men, to the fight!”

If our blood should be spilt, it will be in the right!”
“Hip, hooray!” cry the soldiers; “we march to the fray!”
And with drum loudly rolling go tramping away.

“God bless our brave army!” I say; “every one, —
From the handsome young general to Glen with the drum.
For on our dear army of boys we depend,
Our country, our homes, and our hearts to defend.”

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



LITTLE TEDDY AND ROVER.

EIGHT years old is little Teddy,
Full of life and fun ;
And for frolic always ready
When his tasks are done.
From his eyes the laughter glances
With a merry gleam ;
While around the room he dances
Like a sunny beam.

LITTLE TEDDY AND ROVER.

He's a clever dog called Rover,
Fond of tricks as he ;
Black and curly, too, all over,
As some sheep we see.
On his hind legs Teddy sets him,
Bids him "stand at ease ;"
Then a cap and sword he gets him,
Little friends to please.



On his back old Rover's lying, —
You would think him dead ;
But he's neither dead, nor dying,
Only watching Ted.
"Right about !" says little Teddy ;
"Make us all a bow ;
Then say 'good-night' clear and steady."
Rover barks, "Bow-wow !"

GEORGE BENNETT.



SADIE.

My darling cousin Sadie
Is a witching little lady,
Whose years have numbered four.
Her eyes are sapphire-blue,
And sunshine shimmers through
Her brown curls' glossy store.

SADIE.

"These long, brown curls," I said, one day,
"Where did you get them, sweet one, say?" —

She mused awhile with thoughtful air,
Then smiled till gleamed her mouth's pure pearls,
And said, "De dood Dod made my hair,
But mamma's own se'f made my turls."



She came to-day to make a call,
And bore a wee red parasol,

To shade her sparkling eyes.
"Ah, madam, walk right in," I said;
"My mother waits in room o'erhead."

She looked up, laughing, in surprise:
"I isn't no bid truly lady,
Ize des' your 'ittle, precious Sadie."



Whistledown

“DEAR little Flyaway, may I
inquire

Whither so fast you are going?
See not before you the creek and the
mire?

What if the wind should stop blowing?
You cannot curb in the wind-steeds; and
though
Firm on their necks you're now lying,
If they should pause once, away you would
go
Into the mud, and lie dying.”

“Wee, winsome Troubleheart, can you not
see,

Home, on these wind-steeds I'm going,
There to sleep sweetly till

Spring calls to me?
Then, a fair flower I shall
be growing.

Though but a weak little
waif I appear,

Purposes wise I'm fulfill-
ing;

Nothing that God makes is helpless, my dear:
Speed, winds! go if you are willing.”

JENNIE JOY.



"Seventeen, Eighteen Maids in Wailing"

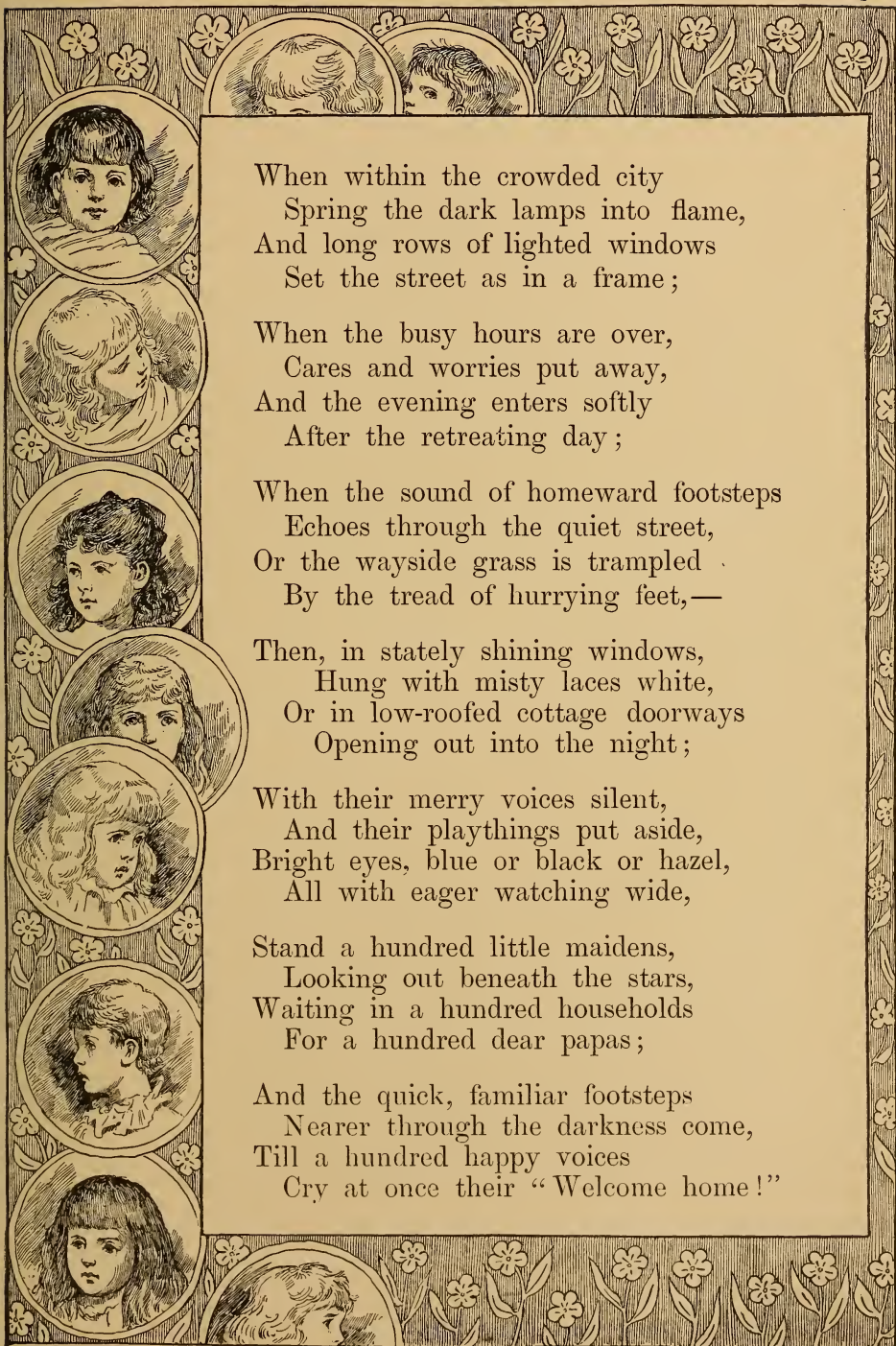
By Margaret Johnson :



WHEN the western light is fading,
And the deepening shadows fall,
When the night winds through the
branches
Softly to each other call ;

When in grassy country meadows
Heavy hang the clovers red,
And the stars begin to twinkle
In the dusky arch o'erhead ;





When within the crowded city
Spring the dark lamps into flame,
And long rows of lighted windows
Set the street as in a frame;

When the busy hours are over,
Cares and worries put away,
And the evening enters softly
After the retreating day;

When the sound of homeward footsteps
Echoes through the quiet street,
Or the wayside grass is trampled
By the tread of hurrying feet,—

Then, in stately shining windows,
Hung with misty laces white,
Or in low-roofed cottage doorways
Opening out into the night;

With their merry voices silent,
And their playthings put aside,
Bright eyes, blue or black or hazel,
All with eager watching wide,

Stand a hundred little maidens,
Looking out beneath the stars,
Waiting in a hundred households
For a hundred dear papas;

And the quick, familiar footsteps
Nearer through the darkness come,
Till a hundred happy voices
Cry at once their "Welcome home!"

A PEEP.

"WHERE did you come from? I did n't know
They had a baby in there;
Well! what pretty blue eyes you have,
And nice little curls of hair!



"One, two, three, four — four little teeth;
I have as many as you.
Do you ever try a wee little bite
And make people say, 'Oh! oh!?'

A PEEP.

“How did you get that scratch like mine —
Have you a pussy cat?
Did you pull her tail? I did! — Oo-oo!
But you need n't cry for that.

“Do you knock over the little stand
And laugh to see how it goes?
Can you pull off your stockings and shoes
And find some dear little toes?

“I took three little steps alone!
Can you go as far as that?
Have you a papa? What does he say
When you sit on his shiny hat?

“Does ever your mamma snatch you up,
And kiss you, and kiss, and kiss,
And say, ‘There’s nothing in all the world
So bonny and sweet as this’?

“I wish you’d come here and play with me;
I can’t hold on any more —
I wonder if he went down so hard,
When he sat back on the floor.”

SYDNEY DAYRE.



Boy Blue and His Gun:



"RUB a dub dub!"

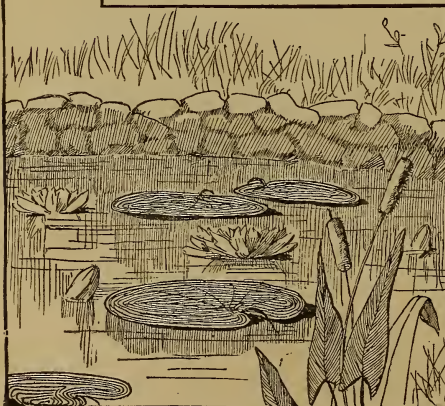
Said the boy in blue,
"I have got a big gun,
And I will shoot you."

"Oh! don't shoot me,"
Said the little brown dog;
"Go down to the mill-pond,
And shoot at a frog."

"Oh, no, no, no!"
Said the boy in blue;
"I've made up my mind
That I will shoot you."

"I can't shoot frogs,
They won't stand still.
Ker-splash! they go under
The wheel of the mill."

"I shan't stand still
No more than a frog,
So you *can't* shoot me,"
Said the little brown dog.



BOY BLUE AND HIS GUN.

He ran in a hole
Right under the house,
And lay there as still—
As still as a mouse.

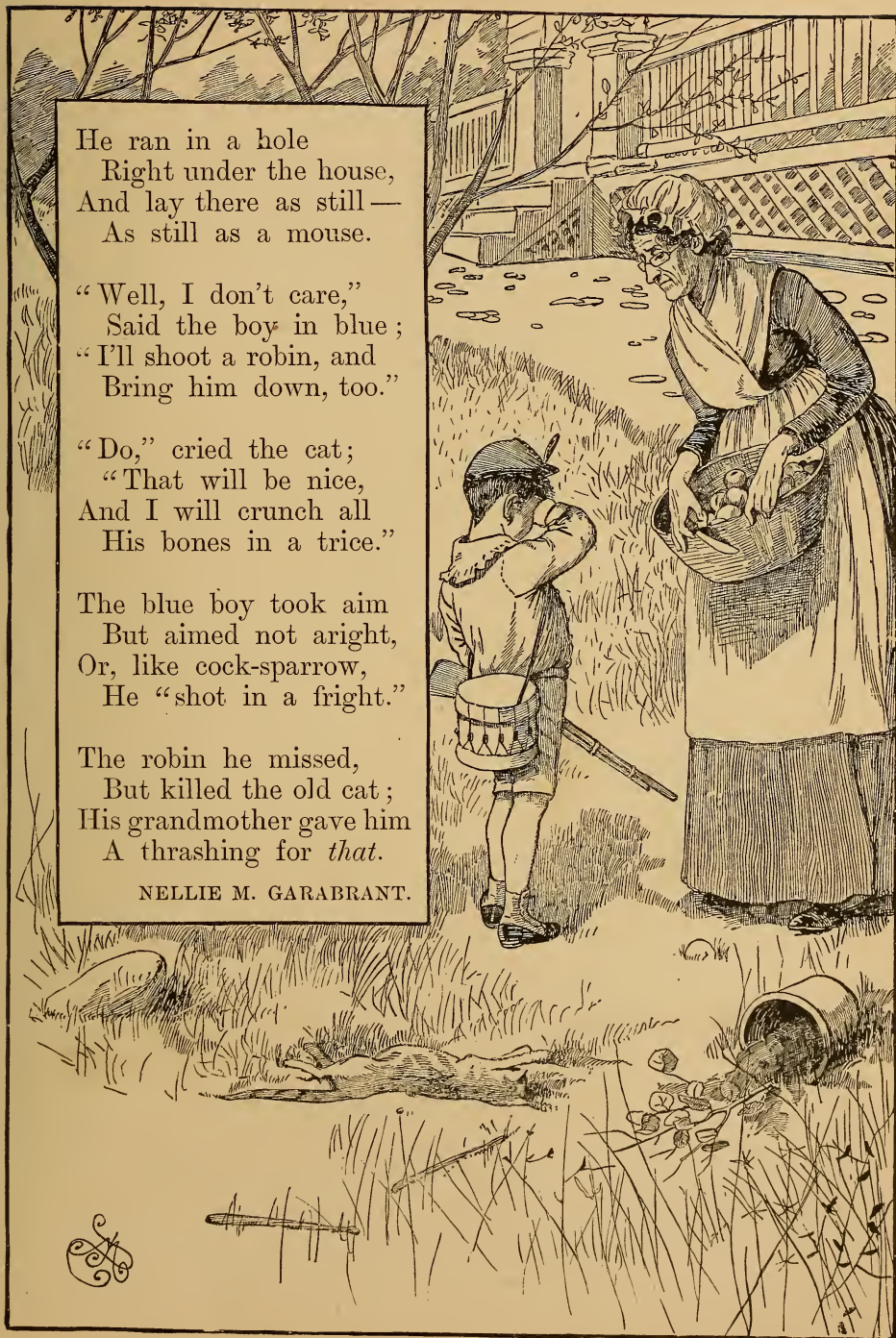
"Well, I don't care,"
Said the boy in blue ;
"I'll shoot a robin, and
Bring him down, too."

"Do," cried the cat ;
"That will be nice,
And I will crunch all
His bones in a trice."

The blue boy took aim
But aimed not aright,
Or, like cock-sparrow,
He "shot in a fright."

The robin he missed,
But killed the old cat ;
His grandmother gave him
A thrashing for *that*.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.





A QUARTET OF LITTLE ONES.

MAC and Janet, Ted and Nell;
What a merry, sweet quartet!
Which are fairer, can you tell, —
Eyes of blue, or eyes of jet?

Six and five, and three and two,
Are the ages of the set:
Mac so bright, and Jan so true,
Laughing Ted, and Nell the pet.

Soft azure eyes and hair of floss
Are beautiful to me; but yet
So are brown curls with silken gloss,
And dark eyes in deep fringes set.

Mac, Nell; Ted, Jan: two dark, two fair.
Dear, dear! how puzzled one does get,
To know which is the sweeter pair,
Those with the blue eyes, or the jet.

JEANNIE S. JUDSON.

A QUARTETTE



Of Little Ones

THE JAPANESE DOLL.

THE dollies were all up in arms,
And this was the reason why :
A Japanese dolly,
So plump and so jolly,
In the play-house they happened to spy.
"Oh, dear !
Such a fright !" said they ; "how came she here ?"

Miss China cried, "What a queer dress !"
"What funny eyes !" sneered Miss Rag.
She has n't a curl
On her head, like a girl,
Nor a feature of which she can brag."
"That's so,"
Laughed Miss Wax ; "we must snub her, you know."

"How awkward she is !" said Miss French ;
"Her speech, too, is most absurd.
She is quite out of place
Among dollies of grace ;
And her ears are like wings of a bird,
Wide-spread,
Just as if they 'd fly off with her head !"

Just then little Alma popped in.
"Fie, dollies ! for shame !" she cried.
"Your manners are bad,
They make me feel sad ;
Have I taught you to act so ?" she sighed,
"Be kind,
Though her ways are not just to your mind !"

THE JAPANESE DOLL.

The dollies all looked quite ashamed;
This lesson they never forgot:
That kindness is best;
And now their odd guest
Is the happiest doll of the lot.
Though small,
She has never been homesick at all.

GEORGE COOPER.





19
 Nineteen,
 Twenty,
 My Plate's Empty."

By



Margaret
 Johnson:

Y breakfast, now, if you please,
mamma;

I'm hungry as I can be!"

A round little lass, in a snowy
frill,

She sat on the low, broad win-
dow-sill,

In the shade of the maple
tree.

"NINETEEN, TWENTY, MY PLATE'S EMPTY."

"What, hungry again, so soon, my child!"

The wondering mother said.

"Your bowl was full to the very brim,
And your pretty plate, with the painted rim,
I filled with the sweet brown bread.

"A breakfast fit for a queen, my dear,
And yet you are hungry still!"

Her round cheeks bloomed a rosier red:

"I haven't had any at all!" she said,
With a glance at the sunny sill.

The bowl and the plate stood empty there,

But "This was the way," said she:

"I just had climbed to the window-seat,
When pussy came purring about my feet,
And I had to feed her, you see.

"And then my Rover sat up and begged,

And watched me with wistful eyes.

His dear old paws were as soft as silk,
And I gave him the rest of my bowl of milk,
For being so funny and wise.

"And then — oh, then the thrushes came,

And sparrows, and robins red.

Right down to the window the sweet things flew,
And I tossed them crumbs, till, before I knew,
They had eaten up all my bread.

"Just hear them singing! and Rover and Puss —

How sleepy and pleased they are!

For they had plenty to eat, you see,
And I am as hungry as I can be, —
My breakfast, please, mamma!"

IF.

"If I were only a kitten,
How jolly and nice 't would be
To play about in the sunshine
And run up the tallest tree!

"I never should hem the towels
Nor sew any buttons on;
I never should have to stay in school
Till the brightest hours were gone.



"Sometimes, though, I should be busy
Making a marble roll,
Or sitting, if I were hungry,
To watch by a mouse's hole.

"But if I were feeling lazy
I'd curl myself in a ball,
And lie all day by the fire
With nothing to do at all.

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

“But, dear! I had ’most forgotten,—
If I were only a cat
I couldn’t be mamma’s girlie.
Now, what do you think of that?

“I’ll work and I’ll study bravely
Always, to hear her say:
‘My own little darling daughter,
You have been good to-day.’”



GOING AFTER THE COWS.

Two little friends trot side by side
Over the meadow green and wide;
On, and on, to the pasture gate,
Where Flossy and Bossy stand and wait.
Two little friends: one wears a hat,
Its broad brim hiding his cheeks so fat;
His eyes are blue, and his hair is gold,
And he’s mamma’s little man, five years old.

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

The other,—only a dog is he,
But honest and trusty as dogs should be.
Without him, Johnny could never go
After the “great, big cows,” you know.
On, and on, o’er the fields so wide,
Johnny and Rover, side by side,
Hasten on to the pasture gate,
Where Flossy and Bossy stand and wait.



And now the pasture is reached at last,
And doggie Rover barks loud and fast ;
But Johnny — mamma’s scared little man —
Goes scampering off as fast as he can.
For the cows are big, and Johnny’s afraid ;
And Rover can drive them without *his* aid.
And that’s always the way that Rover and he,
Together, go after the cows, you see.

MARY D. BRINE.



A LEG LOST AND FOUND.

WHO, who has lost a limb,
Off, squarely off, at the knee,
So pink and plump and trim,
Its slipper blue as the sea?
No one was round where the treasure lies;
Of course I am bound to advertise.

Strange she could walk away,
Leaving her leg on the ground!—
Mr. Printer, I will pay
For capital letters,—FOUND.
The lady's loss is no small mischance,
Especially if she likes to dance.

Now that I call to mind,
There's often a little girl,
With a doll of the sweetest kind,—
Their hair is the same, in curl,—
The sweetest child and her doll at play,
Where on the walk the lost limb lay.

A LEG LOST AND FOUND.



It wouldn't grow on, I fear,
Because it looked stiff and cold;
But Christmas will soon be here,
And not half the dolls are sold.
If it was the doll that came to grief,
Haste, Santa Claus, for a child's relief!

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



SUMMER.

THE lake in the woods,
And the lovely wild flowers,
The musical breeze,
And the cool shady bowers,
Have used up the long summer
day.

The little ones then
Rejoice in a rest
Beneath the old trees,
The sun in the west,
The sheep their companions at
play.

MARY BLOOM.

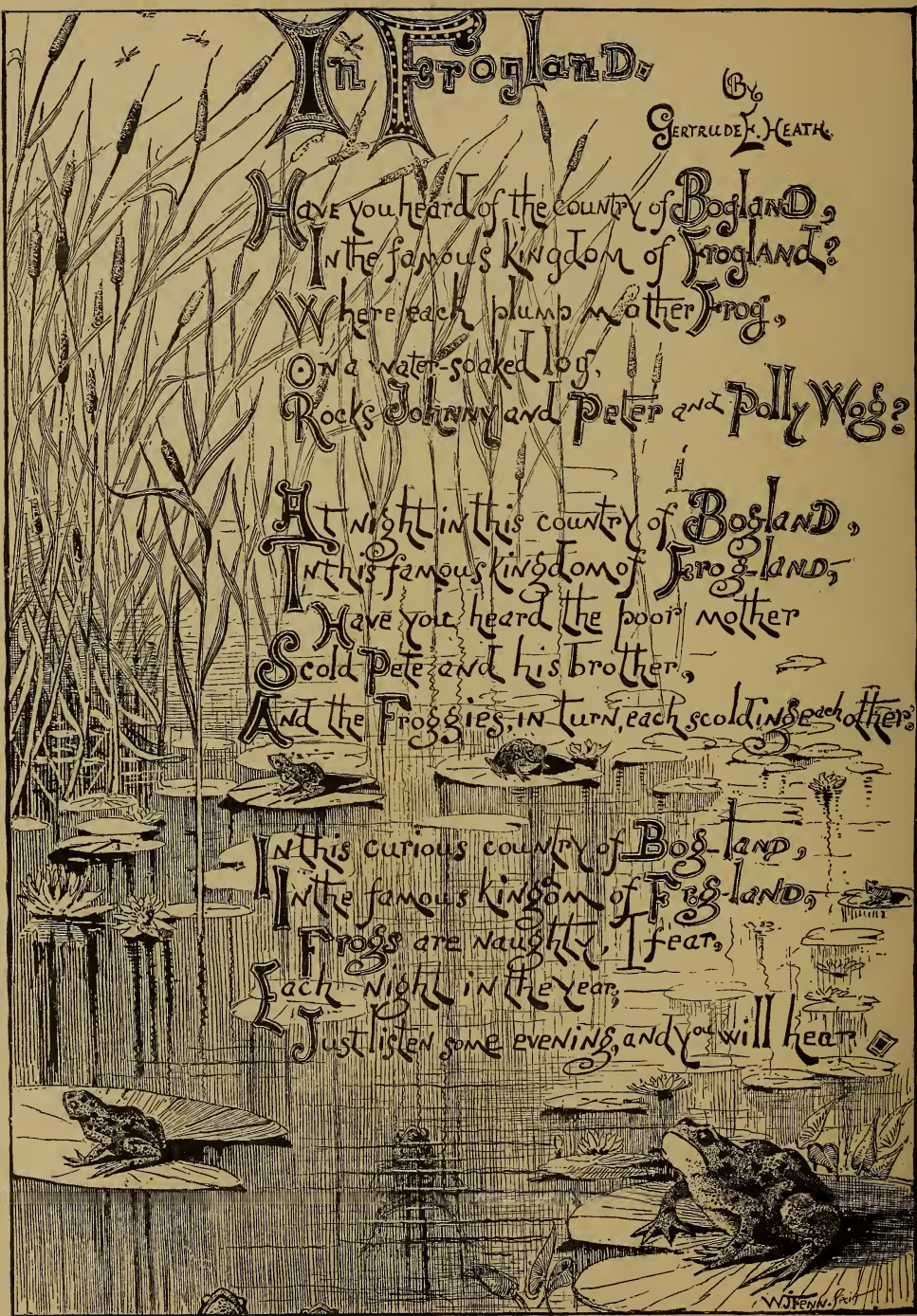
In Frogland.

By
GERTRUDE M. HEATH.

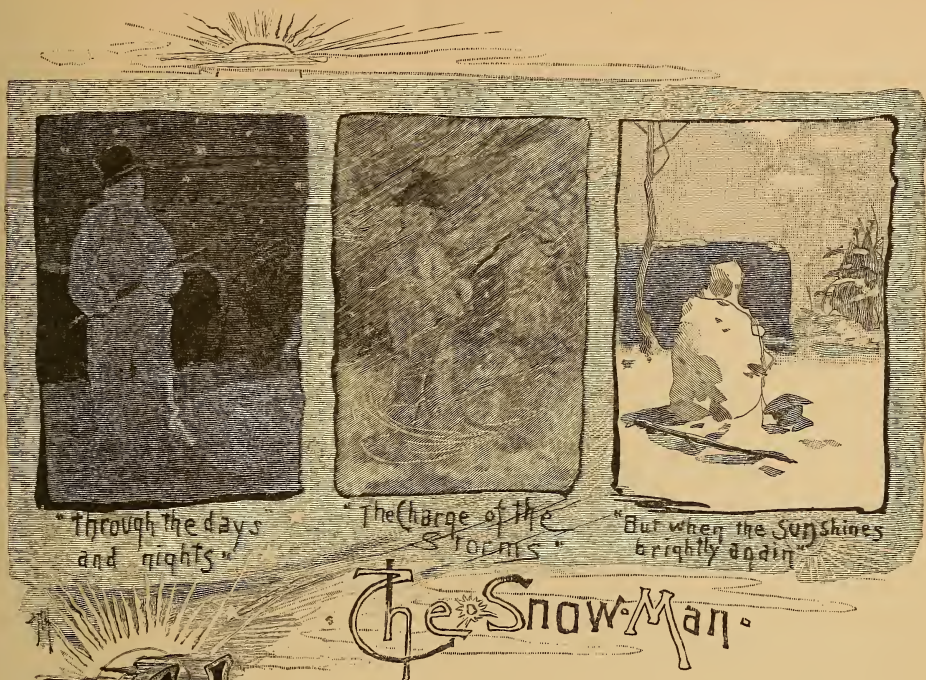
Have you heard of the country of Bogland,
In the famous kingdom of Frogland?
Where each plump mother frog,
On a water-soaked log,
Rocks Johnny and Peter and Polly Wog?

At night in this country of Bogland,
In this famous kingdom of Frogland,
Have you heard the poor mother
Scold Peter and his brother,
And the Froggies, in turn, each scolding each other?

In this curious country of Bogland,
In the famous kingdom of Frogland,
Frogs are naughty, I fear,
Each night in the year,
Just listen some evening, and you will hear.



W. K. M. 1897



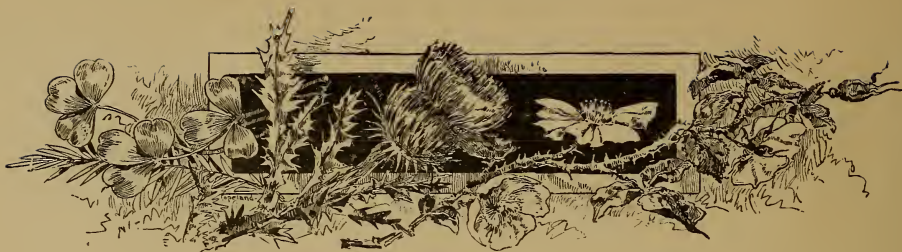
HAT image is that so large and so white,
 Standing alone out there in the yard?
 He seems to be holding a gun in his hand,
 Like a soldier stationed the gateway to guard.

'Tis a man of snow that the boys have made;
 They have shaped and smoothed him with many a pat;
 They have armed him well with a clumsy stick,
 And covered his head with a battered old hat.

And there he will stay through the days and nights,
 While skies are cloudy and winds are cold;
 Bravely he'll meet the charge of the storms, —
 This ice-clad warrior faithful and bold.

But when the sun shines brightly again,
 Then what will become of the gallant snow man?
 Oh, he'll look very sorry, and drop his gun,
 And away he will run as fast as he can.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



TWO-YEARS-OLD IN MISCHIEF.

A CRACK in the vase, and the roses all scattered;
A snarl in the knitting, a hunt for the ball;
The ink-bottle shattered, the carpet bespattered;
Dirt-pies in the hall.

The fruit on the table by tiny teeth bitten;
Wee prints of wet fingers on window and door;
Poor grandmamma's cap, as a frock for the kitten,
Dragged down on the floor.

Soft gurgles of laughter; a sunshiny glancing,
As somebody flits in and out like a bird;
Strange accidents chancing wherever the dancing,
Small footsteps are heard.

"Come, Ethel, my baby, your grave eyes uplifting,
Stand here at my knee. Do *you* know the wee sprite,
Who into some ever-new mischief is drifting,
From morning till night?"

A smile like a sunbeam, so coy and caressing,
She smiles in my face, like the witch that she is.
No need of more guessing. "My trouble, my blessing,
Come, give me a kiss!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.

TWO-YEARS-OLD IN MISCHIEF.



A BUSY "DEAR."

A BRIGHT little maiden,
over the way,
Is up from her pillow at
break of day.

Hands and face she washes,
and combs her hair:
Twin pretty brown braids
she ties up with care.

When breakfast is done,
she washes the dishes,
Then hurries away to know
mamma's wishes.



She brushes the chambers, the
stairs and hall,
Puts them in order, — and that
is n't all;

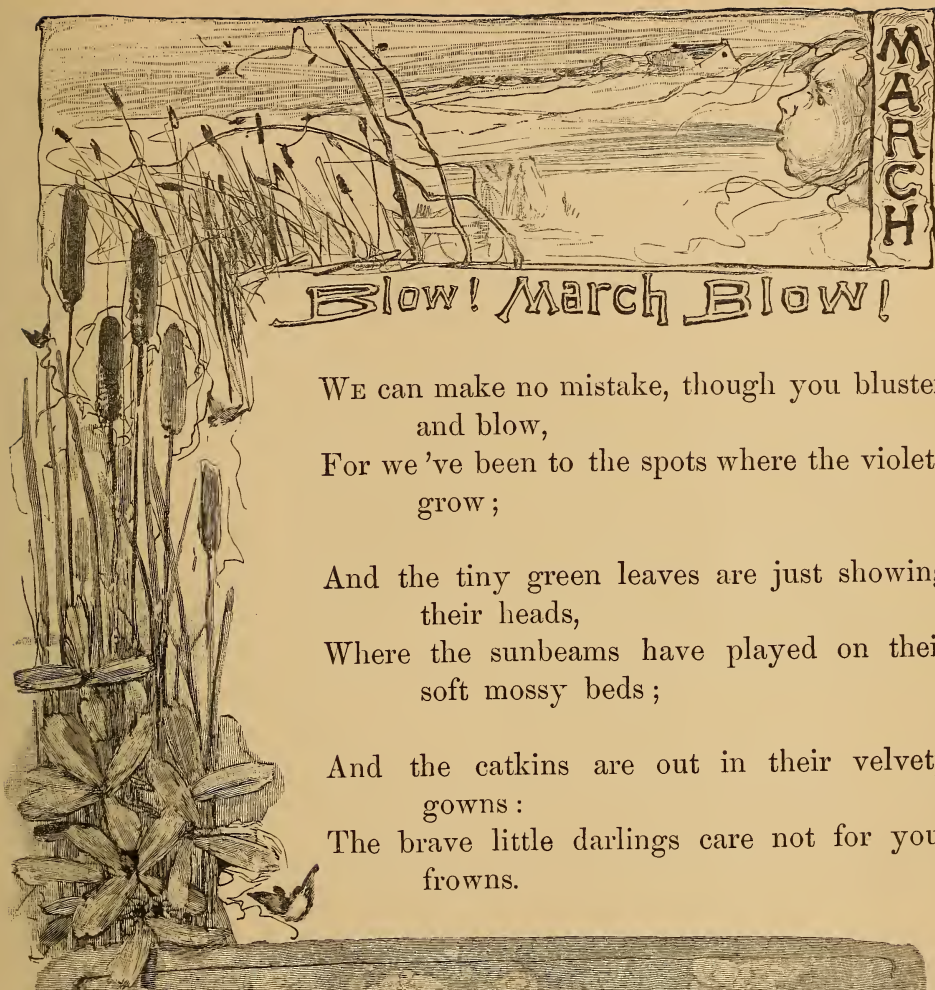
She clears from the steps the
dead leaves that fall,
And hastens again at mamma's
low call.

What more she is doing, I'm
sure I don't know.
If your mother kept boarders,
would you do so?

Her name, if I knew, I would
tell it here;
But I think they do right to
call her "Dear."

JULIA A. MELVIN.

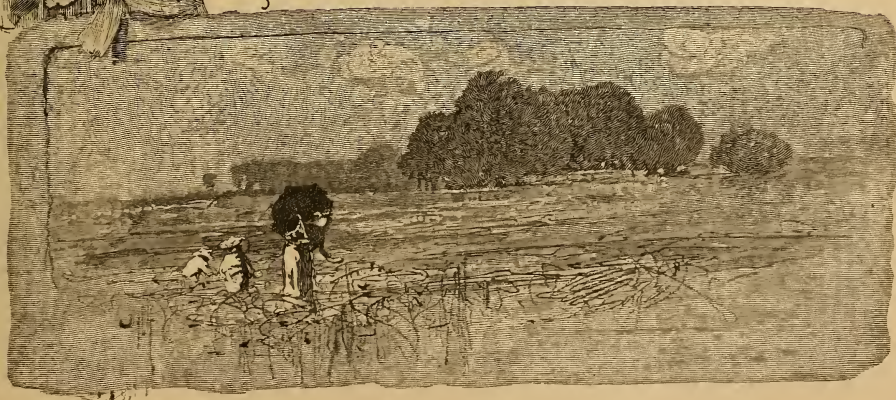




We can make no mistake, though you bluster
and blow,
For we've been to the spots where the violets
grow ;

And the tiny green leaves are just showing
their heads,
Where the sunbeams have played on their
soft mossy beds ;

And the catkins are out in their velvety
gowns :
The brave little darlings care not for your
frowns.



THE QUEER COUPLE.

Blow away! blow away! you only blow gold;
And while you are waiting to storm and to scold,

The daffodils gather and deck themselves fine,
For they know when you come it is surely a sign

That the winter is gone, and the bluebird is near.
Blow away! blow away! 'tis a sound full of cheer.

And so we forgive you your boisterous ways,
Because you bring news of the sweet summer days.

THE QUEER COUPLE.¹

ONCE a hopper and a spider
Promenaded down the street.

Said the hopper to the spider,
"Smile to all we chance to meet."

Said the spider to the hopper,
Slyly glancing at her spouse,
"Do you really think it proper
Thus to recognize a mouse?"

¹"Our spiders here are very large, spanning often five and a half inches, and make good companions for our likewise large grasshoppers, both running largely to legs."

THE QUEER COUPLE.

Then her spouse began to chide her
For her foolish pride of life.
“Don’t you know you’re but a spider,
Notwithstanding you’re my wife?”



But the hopper vainly plied her
With his questions quick and keen.
She replied, “Although a spider,
I’m as good as you, I ween.”

Thus the spider and the hopper,
Promenading down the street,
In deciding what was proper,
All their friends forgot to greet.



Six pretty brown birds, all in a row,
Hopping along on top of the snow ;

Brave little fellows who ne'er flew away
When the winds became keen and the skies became gray.

Where do they hide, and where do they sleep,
That safe from Jack Frost they manage to keep ?

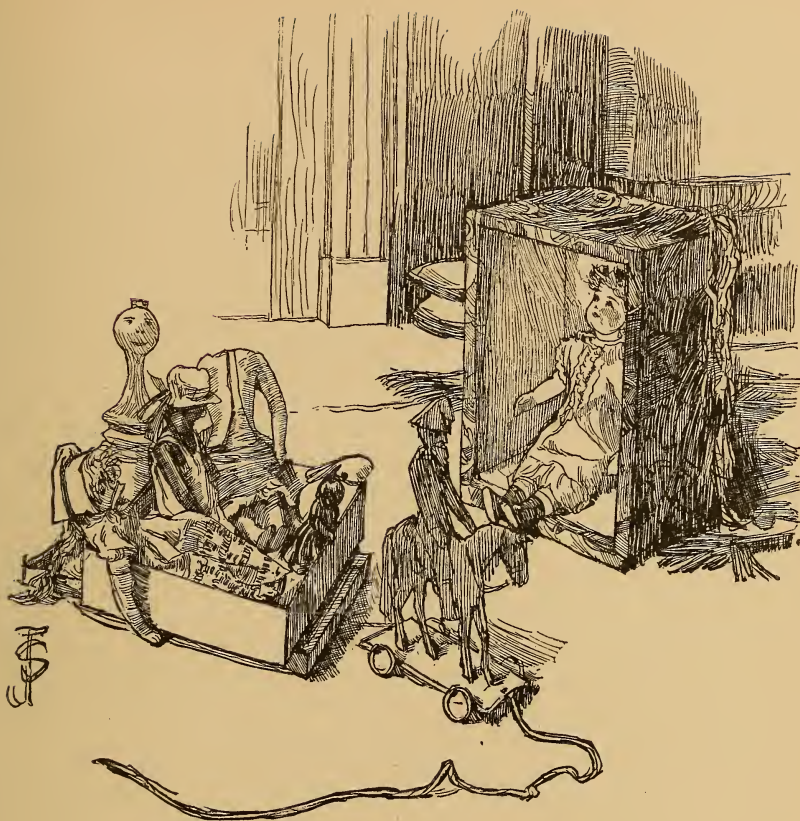
For down to this spot as sure as the sun
They come every day when the chickens are done.

These never eat all of their meal up quite clean,
And many sweet morsels the little guests glean ;

Till so smooth, and so round, and so plump they have grown,
They can laugh at the birds that have far away flown.

Now Katie the cook, who bakes and who brews,
Says little brown birds make very good stews.

Cruel old Katie ! I'd starve — would n't you ? —
Before I would eat any one of the crew.



DOLLY-TOWN.

HAVE you ever been down to Dolly-Town ?

The sight will do you good.

There the dollies walk,

And the dollies talk,

And they ride about

In a grand turn-out,

With a coachman thin

Who is made of tin,

And a footman made of wood.

DOLLY-TOWN.

There are very fine houses in Dolly-Town,
Red and green and blue;
And a doctor grand,
Who is at command,
Just to mend their toes
And their arms and nose,
When they tumble down
And crack their crown
His medicine is glue.



But the prettiest sight in Dolly-Town, —
That place of great renown, —
Is no dolly at all,
Though so neat and small.

DOLLY-TOWN.

If you've time to spare,
Go on tiptoe there ;
See the wee, wee girl,
The rose, the pearl,
Who is Queen of Dolly-Town !

GEORGE COOPER.



By
Margaret
Johnson



"Twenty-one, Twenty-two,
If I were you."

SUMMER day,

So fair and gay,

When all your breezes are at play,
And when the yellow sun looks down
On grassy field and wayside brown,
I'd never let my winds complain,
My sunny skies be dark with rain,
Or dim with clouds that hide the blue,
If I were you!



My sweet mamma,

So fair you are

When, gazing up as at a star,
I see your lovely face look down
Above your shimmering silken gown,
A trailing robe I'd always wear,
With roses in my braided hair,
And laces soft, and gems like dew,
If I were you.





O Baby! Oh,
 I love you so!
 Your dimpled shoulders, white as snow,
 Your rosy hands and restless feet,
 And cooing voice and laughter sweet,
 I'd grow no older year by year,
 But always stay a baby dear, —
 The sweetest thing that ever grew, —
 If I were you.

O little lass
 Within the glass.
 So lazily the minutes pass,
 While dreaming foolish dreams you stand,
 Your chin upon your idle hand,
 I'd think no more of summer days
 And silken gowns and baby ways,
 But run and find some work to do,
 If I were you!

"O little lass
 Within the glass"



TWO NESTS.

(See FRONTISPIECE.)

SWING, birdies, swing!

Over the green earth, and under the sky,
Mother-bird hung up her cradle on high;
Wove it so deep, and wove it so strong,
Birdies may rock in it all the day long.

Swing, birdies, swing!

Swing, baby, swing!

Under the old elm's fluttering leaves
Mother for baby a brave cradle weaves;
Weaves it of silk, and lines it with down,
Hangs it on threads soft as baby's white gown.

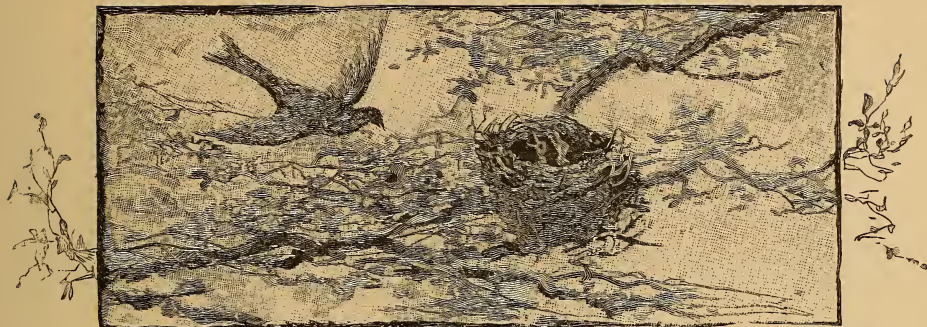
Swing, baby, swing!

Swing, birdies, swing!

Down from the tree-tops four little tongues call;
Baby coos back again, answering all:
Oriole flutters in love o'er her nest;
Mother hugs baby, and thinks her the best.

Swing, birdies, swing!

S. J. DOUGLASS.



TWO NESTS.

The Runaway Goosie.



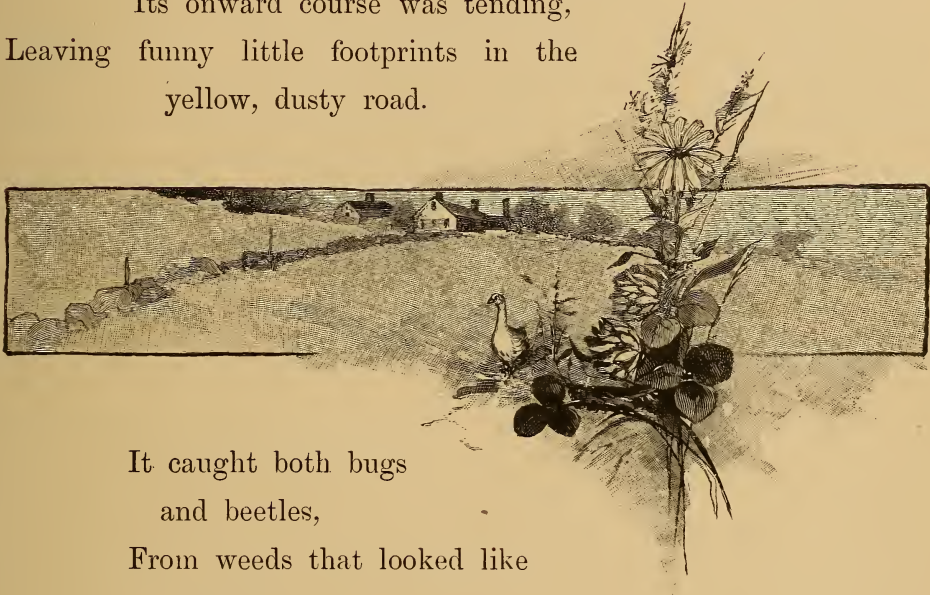
ONE day, out in the clover,
That the sun was glancing over,
From mother and from brothers and from
sisters in their play,
Through a hole or broken paling,
Where the pretty vines were trailing,
A little baby goosie in the summer-time
did stray.

It was big with thought and feeling ;
And the freedom it was stealing
Sent a tingle to its wing-tips and its little yellow toes.

THE RUNAWAY GOOSIE.

It marched as brave and steady
As an army when it's ready;
And it seemed to say, "Oh, come and see where little goosie goes!"

Where the tallest grass is bending,
Its onward course was tending,
Leaving funny little footprints in the
yellow, dusty road.



It caught both bugs
and beetles,
From weeds that looked like
steeple;
But its heart grew very heavy, as if it bore a load.

When the night-wind sighed and quivered,
The little goosie shivered,
And it said, "I want my mamma, and I want to see them all."
But it could not bring them over
All the dewy grass and clover.
So it hunted till it found the hole within the garden-wall.



It knew its mamma missed it,
For she smoothed it, and she kissed it,
In a way that only Mamma Geese know how to do, I know.
But if Master Fox had found him,
When the night-time closed around him,
His pretty toes and wing-tips had been scattered high and low.

MARY A. McKEE.



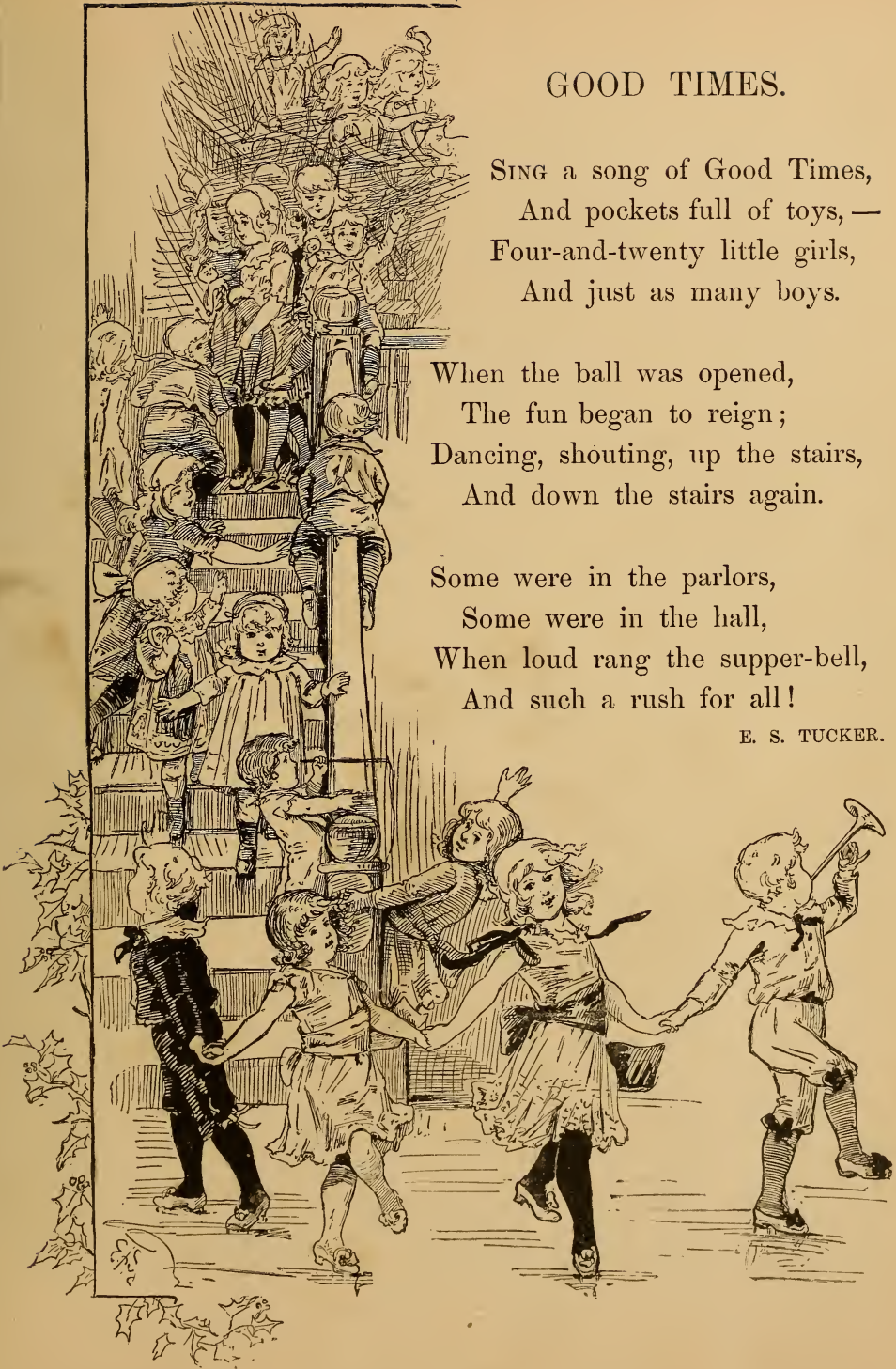
GOOD TIMES.

SING a song of Good Times,
And pockets full of toys, —
Four-and-twenty little girls,
And just as many boys.

When the ball was opened,
The fun began to reign;
Dancing, shouting, up the stairs,
And down the stairs again.

Some were in the parlors,
Some were in the hall,
When loud rang the supper-bell,
And such a rush for all!

E. S. TUCKER.



“Twenty-three, Twenty-four, And Nothing More”

THE tales are told, the songs are sung,
The evening romp is over,
And up the nursery-stairs they climb,
With little buzzing tongues that chime
Like bees among the clover.

By
M. Johnson:

Their busy brains and happy hearts
Are full of crowding fancies ;
From song and tale and “make believe”
A wondrous web of dreams they weave,
And airy child-romances.



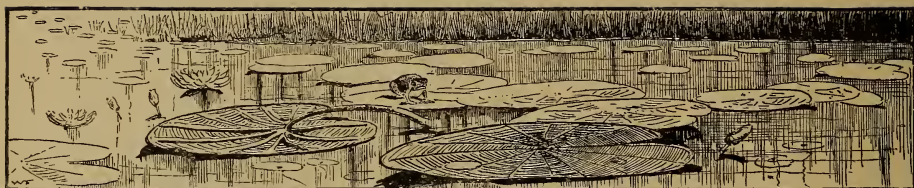
“*TWENTY-THREE, TWENTY-FOUR.*”

The starry night is fair without;
The new moon rises slowly;
The nursery lamp is burning faint;
Each white-robed, like a little saint,
Their prayers they murmur lowly.

Good-night! The tired heads are still
On pillows soft reposing.
The dim and dizzy mist of sleep
About their thoughts begins to creep,
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good-night! While, through the silent air
The moon-beams pale are streaming,
They drift from Daylight's noisy shore,—
Blow out the light and shut the door,
And leave them to their dreaming!





STAY, LITTLE BROOK.

THROUGH the freshest of meadows a little brook wound,
In and out, in and out, with a clear crystal sound;

Like a bright jewelled band, fringed in emerald green,
It glittered and flashed with a silvery sheen.

The grasses bent down with a loving caress,
Praising its beauty and usefulness;

And the violets hied them from many a nook,
To see their sweet faces within the cool brook.

The buttercups blossomed like handfuls of gold,
And the white starry daisies began to unfold;

Yet the little brook ran on its way to the sea,
On and on, day by day, through the flowery lea.

The tender green willows their soft shadows threw,
And the tall stately flags showed blossoms of blue.



STAY, LITTLE BROOK.



THE MERRY WHISTLER.

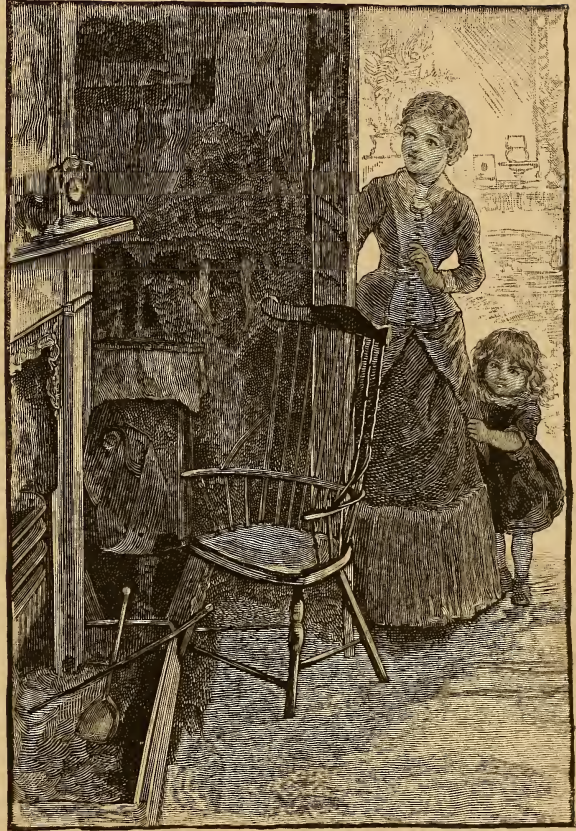
A MERRY little whistler
Goes by my door each day;
He whistles at his work, and
He whistles at his play.
He whistles when he's merry,
He whistles when he's sad;
He whistles when the weather's fine,
He whistles when it's bad.
Of all the little children
Who daily pass my door,
There's none that seemeth happier,
Or gives me pleasure more
Than the merry little whistler
Who charms my care away.
I almost wish I too could learn
To whistle and be gay.

M. E. MC KEE.

MYSTERIOUS SANTA CLAUS.



DID you ever see Santa
Claus, Robbie?
I do wish I could; and
I've tried.
My mamma has seen him
quite often, —
If I only could keep by
her side!
Why, whenever she goes in
the parlor,
Where the stockings are
hung by the tree,
He's sure to come right
down the chimney
With some bundle or other
for me!



One day I teased my mamma so,
That she said I might creep in be-
hind,
And hide in her skirts very softly,
And peep out when I had a mind.
But the minute we got in the door-
way
(He must be the shyest of men)
He scampered away up the chim-
ney,
So it's no use to try it again.

No; children never can see him,
But I heard his sleigh-bells last
night;
It was after papa came to supper,
And the shutters and doors were
shut tight.
Mamma said, "There, don't you hear
it, —
The jingle of Santa Claus' bell?"
I dashed to the door like a rocket;
He was faster than that, I can tell!

OUT IN THE STORM.

I could almost have cried with vexation,
Till mamma said, "See where he sleighed!"
And there, sure enough, in the snow-drift,
Were the tracks that his runners had made!
What a very small sleigh he must have, though;
No bigger, I'm sure, than my sled!
And how it can carry such bundles
I cannot get into my head.

Nurse says Santa Claus is my
father.

What nonsense! I've often
been told
How Santa Claus lives in a
palace,

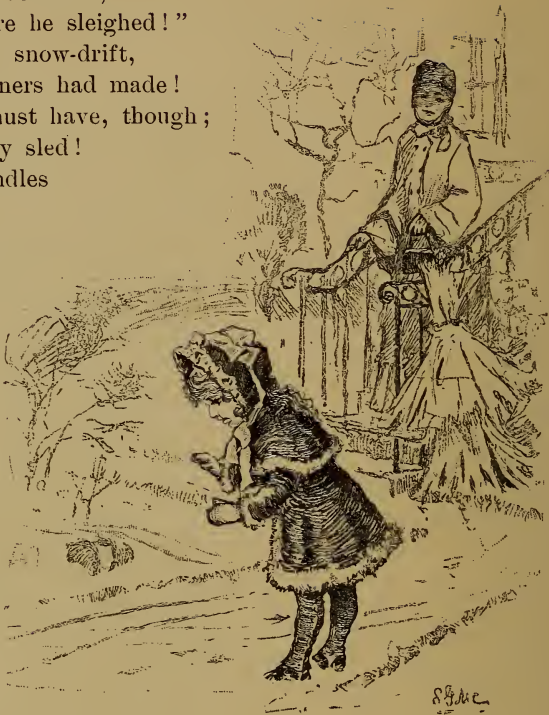
Some place where it always
is cold.

Papa couldn't climb down that
chimney,

And he never could ride in
that sleigh!

I don't think nurse knows
much about it,—

I'll tell her so this very day.



OUT IN THE STORM.

SHRILL shriek the winter winds,
And through the hemlocks sigh;
Swift, in a wild and merry dance,
The snow-flakes whirl across the sky.
The trees, with icy boughs,
Stand crackling in the gale;
Low from his kennel, snug and warm,
Echoes old Carlo's mournful wail.



"Eleven, Twelve Dig and Delve:"

By
Margaret Johnson



WANTED to bring you some gold," he said,
With a flush on his warm, little cheek, rose-
red,

And a shake of his tresses sunny.

"Before the rainbow had faded away,
I climbed to the top of the hill to-day,
To dig for the pot of money.

"I parted the grasses that grew on the knoll;
And dug and dug such a deep, dark, hole,
But I wish my hands were stronger!





I'm sure that the rainbow touched the ground
Just there, and perhaps I might have found
The gold if I'd waited longer.

"But I grew so tired and hot pretty soon,
That, when all the bells were ringing for noon,
I gave up trying to find it.
I don't much think, after all,—do you?
The story they told me can be quite true;
But please, oh, please, not to mind it!

"For look what I gathered and brought you
instead."

With a dimple in each round cheek, he said;
"I think they are just as splendid,—
A posy as big as my hand would hold,
Of buttercups shining and yellow as gold,
That grew where the rainbow ended."

He poured the gay blossoms out over my knee,
And lifted a pair of red lips to me,

With a kiss that was sweeter than honey;
And never was treasure so fair in my sight,
Nor would I give one of his buttercups bright
For a pot running over with money!





A LATE SPRING.

First Bluebird.

A-CHEE ! ke-chee ! ke-chee !
I sneeze so terribly,
I sneeze so terribly !

Second Bluebird.

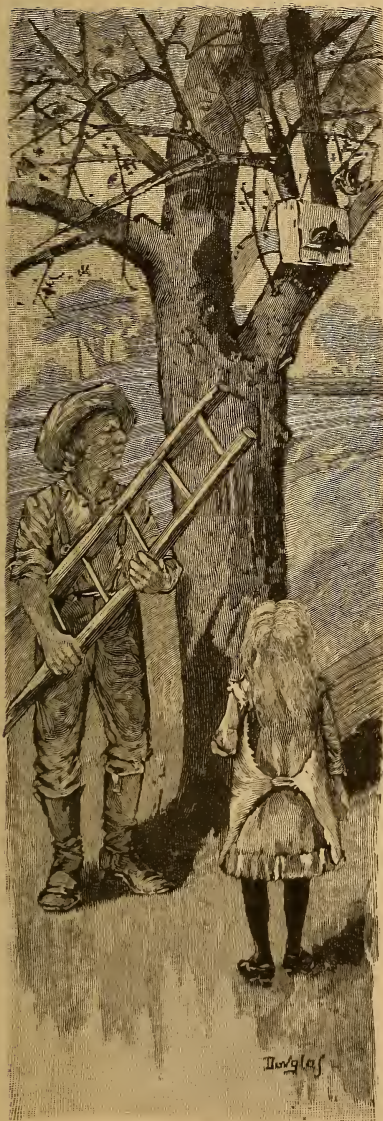
And I—I cough and cough
My little head almost off,
My poor head almost off !

First Bluebird.

When I set out I thought
A faint, sweet breath I caught
Of crocuses a-blow
Under the snow,

A LATE SPRING.

And a waft of that warm rain
That gives the root to the grain,
And to the hills their sheen
Of early green.



Second Bluebird.

I came because I had in my breast
A homesick pang for the dear old
nest.

I remembered well how little Gold
Locks

Looked on while her grandpa nailed
a box,

For us to build in, against the bough—
Ah, me! I see his white hair
now!—

(Sob, sob,) And we've found it this
very day

Torn by the cruel wind away.

First Bluebird.

A-chee! a-chee! ke-chee!

My cold grows worse, you see!

There's snow on this limb, and no
one knows

How cold snow feels to my tender
toes!

Second Bluebird.

Let's sing a little! *Chee-ree, chee-ree,*
Trittery-tree, tra-la, twittery-twee!

A LATE SPRING.

That's hoarse. Now while I try again
You keep your eye on the window-pane,
And if you see something there, sunny and red,
You may know 'tis the little girl Gold Locks' head.

*Cheer-ee, cheer-ee,
Bubble, cheer-ee!*

First Bluebird.

I see her, *twittery-twee!*
She is looking at me!
And grandpa, too,—they both have heard
The first bluebird.

Second Bluebird.

We are safe! We are safe!
It was right to come;
They will soon have ready
A nice new home!

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.





MARCH

I COME with a shout,
And scatter about
The things that I find in my way;
Through city and town
I rush with a frown,
And over the hills away.

I bluster and blow,
And sweep off the snow,
For carpets as never were seen;
And raise such a breeze
The shrubs and the trees
Don quickly their loveliest green.

E. A. DAVIS.





SOMETHING SURE.

“WHAT a pity nothing ever
Has a beauty that will stay!”
Said our thoughtful little Nellie,
Stopping briefly in her play.
“All these velvet pansies withered,—
And I picked them just to-day!”

“And there’s nothing very certain,”
Answered Bess, with face demure;
“When it rains we can’t go driving,—
I wish promises were truer!
I could rest, if I were certain
Of a single thing that’s sure!”

Grandma smiled from out her corner,
Smoothing back a soft gray tress:
“Sixty seconds make a minute;
Did you know it, little Bess?—
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Never more, and never less.

“For the seconds in a minute,
Whether full of work or fun,
Or the minutes in an hour,
Never numbered sixty-one!

SOMETHING SURE.

That is one thing that is certain
Ever since the world begun.



“Though the rose may lose its crimson,
And the buttercup its gold,
There is something, through all changes,
You may always surely hold:
Truth can never lose its beauty,
Nor its strength, by growing old.”

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.



POLLY'S BABY.

ALL in the daintiest cradle
That baby could wish to own,
It lay contentedly winking,
Where Polly had left it alone.
It wasn't a mere doll-baby ;
Ah, no ! that Polly would scorn ;
But this she loved through the daytime,
And dreamed of from night till morn.

POLLY'S BABY.

A cap its small head adorning,
A robe of cambric so white,
And round its waist, for a "dress up,"
A ribbon so blue and bright!
Its eyes were, Polly thought, lovely,
Because they were gray, and she
Was always brushing the soft hair,
As black as black hair could be.



But once our Polly was naughty,
And struck her baby at last;
When, lo! it jumped out of the cradle,
And scampered from danger fast.
Do you think that was strange for a baby —
For Polly's wee baby — to do?
Why, children, 'twas only a kitty,
Brimful of mischief — and mew!

Just for Fun.

by
Julia A. Melvin
pictured by
A. Brennan

one day:

little month of March to his mother said!
"If I be a good boy may I go out to play?"

"Yes, if you be gentle and sing a pretty song,
Keeping out of mischief you can march along."

Mamma brought his mittens overcoat and cap,
Wound a woolen muffler round the little chap.

March climbed on the housetop meaning to be good;
Ate a big long icicle for simple cooling food.

"A fellow must amuse himself:" How, he didn't know;
Then March blew down the chimney, hard as he could blow!

What a puff of smoke came into the frying-pan!
Pussy humped her back and spat and for out-doors ran.



April in her cradle, tiniest baby-girl,
Was truly lifted off the floor with a whisk and whirl;
Grandma's cap flew off her head, ashes strewn the floor;
Little month of March laughed till he could laugh no more:
Turned a dozen summersaults, piled the snow like sheaves,
Dashed the row of icicles off the cottage eaves.



Little month of March had his frolic—Oh, but pray
If asked about the mischief what will he have to say?



WHAT BECAME OF DIMPLE'S BUBBLE.

LITTLE Dimple darling, sitting in the sun,
Blowing pretty bubbles, one by one ; —
Isn't Dimple darling having right good fun ?

Little Dimple darling blows a big one bright,
Sees it on the breezes soaring high and light,
Claps her little hands at the pretty, dainty sight.

Up it goes, still higher, till Dimple darling cries,
With a sudden light in her loving, soft blue eyes,
“ Oh ! I *hope* it's going where May lives, up in the skies ! ”

WHAT BECAME OF DIMPLE'S BUBBLE?

May's the little sister who went to heaven one day,
And ever since wee Dimple has missed her at her play,
And often asks mamma, "How much longer will she stay?"

Now the bubble dances still higher in the air,
Upward little Dimple still lifts her face so fair;
Eagerly she's shouting, "Oh, it's almost, almost there!"

But presently the bubble has disappeared from view.
Has it burst, I wonder? Ah! but the watching eyes of blue
Have *seen* it sail to heaven; and Dimple says it's true

That her lovely, precious bubble was caught by sister May,
Who, even up in heaven, with Dimple likes to play.
"But, mamma," she questions sadly, "how much longer will she
stay?"

MARY D. BRINE.





Thir-
 teen,
 Fourteen,
 Maids
 a-cour-
 tin' "



WHAT can I do, a hapless swain,
 Besieged by bonny lassies twain,
 Both loving, and both fair?
 They will not let me run away,
 But hold me, with tyrannic sway,
 Here, in my easy-chair.

About my neck their arms they twine;
 Their rosy, dimpled cheeks to mine
 Endearingly they press.

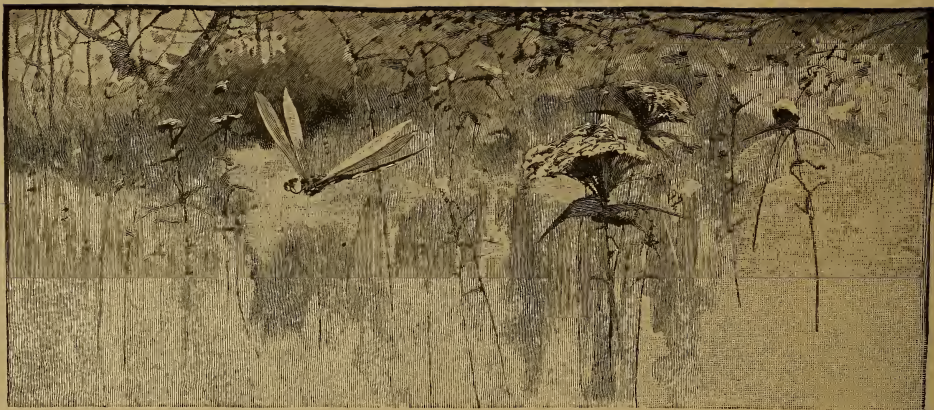
HOW SPECKLE CELEBRATED THANKSGIVING DAY.

And passed us with a merry cluck,
And crested head on high;



While close behind her followed
The darlings hatched that day, —
Twelve dainty, downy, fluffy chicks,
Some yellow and some gray.
“Cluck, cluck,” said Mistress Speckle,
“Here’s one thankful hen, you see.
Who says that this is not a glad
Thanksgiving Day for me?”

MARY D. BRINE.



MOTHER'S KISSES.

KISSES for the lovely dimples,
Two wee lily-cups are they;
Kisses for the mouth so precious,
Sweeter than the new-mown hay.

Kisses for the eyes so merry,
Violets all dipped in dew;
Kisses for the pink-white fingers,
Prettier the earth ne'er knew.

Kisses for the head so silken,
With its little birdlike ways;
Kisses for the brow so snowy,
Where a shadow never strays.

Kisses, — one wide world of kisses!
Could I have enough, dear, say,
Though I kissed you, kissed you, kissed you,
Yes, forever and a day?

GEORGE COOPER.



MOTHER'S KISSES.



CAMBRIC TEA.

SAYS Dotty: If ever I grow to be
A woman, I'll not drink cambric tea;
That's what they call the milk and water
And sugar that mamma gives to me.

'Tis good in one way, — sweet and hot,
But 'tis n't poured out of the real teapot;
It has n't the look, and is n't the color;
And all the grown folks know 't is not.

Mamma, if any one shows surprise
That I have a cup and saucer, replies, —
And she always smiles so when she says it, —
“'Tis cambric tea,” and then looks wise.

So, the first thing, when I get to be
A grown-up lady, you will see
That the very littlest girl at my table
Shall have *real* tea, not cambric tea.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



CAMBRIC TEA



INDOLENT JOE.

HAIR all a-tangle,
His hat to one side,
His coat-tail in shreds,
His shoestrings untied;
Idle and worthless,
With nothing to do;
No wonder folks say,
"That's indolent Joe!"

Too lazy to work,
Too lazy to play,
He lolls in the sun
The most of the day;
Yawning and moping,
And dreadfully slow, —
Here is a picture
Of indolent Joe.

FRANK H. STAUFFER.



IN THE ORCHARD.

APPLES red and apples green,
 Apples rich and ripe are seen
 In the orchard near the road, —
 Apples, apples, by the load !

In the spring the trees were white,
 Apple-blossoms, such a sight !
 Little apples filled the trees,
 Fanned all summer by the breeze.

Little apples grew and grew,
 Living on the rain and dew ;
 Now the fruit in great rich stores
 Harvest in the orchard pours.

Glad the farmer's swelling heart !
 Glad the little children start
 For the orchard, where they play
 "Picking apples" all the day.

UNCLE FORRESTER.



A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

GRACIOUS and heavenly star,
Which shines on us afar,
Still, wheresoe'er we are,
Watch o'er His fold.

Calm was that holy flight
Through the far lonely night,
When first your radiant light
Spoke of His birth.

In the still midnight air,
Silent you sparkle there,
Hovering with loving care
Over the spot.

Hark! from the cloudless blue
Sweet music stealing through.
Angels the song renew, —
“Glory to God!”

Hail, blessed Christmas morn
When Christ, a child, was born,
Let us the strain prolong
Forevermore!

FANNIE M. HALL.



Hail, blessed Christmas morn
When Christ, a child, was born.

FIVE YEARS OLD.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

THE little head droops like a broken blossom
Beneath the pelting of a sudden rain;
With bitter sobbing heaves the baby bosom;
The sweet lips wear the quivering curve of pain.
What sorrow moves the childish heart, — so heavy
She thinks it never will be light again?

The violet eyes, all misty with their weeping,
Gaze dimly at an empty cage close by,
Between whose wires, while all the house was sleeping,
The petted bird found narrow room to fly,
And left the little mistress who had loved him,
To seek with joyous wing his own free sky.

The day is fair, and from the leafy shadows
The wild birds' merry morning carols ring.
Not all the sunshine in a thousand meadows
To one small grieving heart can brightness bring.
Not all the music of the mighty forest
Is sweet as was the song her bird could sing.

But when another happy dawn is breaking,
Her grief shall vanish with the shadows gray;
And of the young heart's unaccustomed aching
No other sign, save this alone, shall stay; —
To-morrow's smiles shall owe a deeper sweetness
To all the tearful trouble of to-day.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

FIVE YEARS: OLD





THE Christmas day is dawning ;
Our carols now we sing ;
And pray the coming season
May peace and gladness bring.

To every one, and all of yours,
We wish a merry day,
And hope some of its pleasures
Through all the year may stay.

WHAT BECAME OF THE DOLLS.

A CERTAIN little dolly dear,
With hair as black as ink,
And eyes of painted blue, so clear
You certainly would think
A bit of sky had tumbled down,
And lighted up her face.
She never had been known to frown,
And always kept her place,

WHAT BECAME OF THE DOLLS.

Till one day a strange
dolly came, —
She had the blackest
eyes, —
And it was said, much to
her shame,
She told such dreadful
lies.
At all events, she paid no
heed
To what they both were
told ;
In naughty things she
took the lead,
She was so very bold.
She coaxed the blue-eyed
doll away,
Far down a rocky shore ;



It grieves me much,
such things to
say, —
They never were
seen more.
But on the sands, at
ebb of tide,
Their little hats
were found ;
And so 'twas known
how they had
died, —
The dollies both
were drowned.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



LITTLE BLOSSOM.

THIS wee bit lady
Has a wee bit bonnet;
'T is made of dainty needlework
With a broad frill upon it, —
A Mother Hubbard bonnet!
The ruffle flutters round her face,
And every breeze that blows
Whispers, "Ah, what a funny place
To find a white Scotch rose, —
A fresh-blown, white Scotch rose!"

This wee bit lady
Has a wee bit gown,
Straight and breezy in the skirt
From the yoke down, —
A Mother Hubbard gown!
And when she toddles on the walk
With small uncertain feet,
No rose upon its swaying stalk
Was ever half so sweet, —
So bonny fair and sweet.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

Little.



Polio 56 m.

SIX YEARS OLD.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

STEPS she out into the sunshine,
Wafting back a kiss to me:
Eyes demure and dimples hidden,
Wayward smiles that dance unbidden
Through her dear new dignity.

Very proud of her attainments;
All absorbed in "two times two;"
"A B C" already scorning;
On her bonny brow, the morning
Of a wisdom sweet and true.

Not from books alone, my Ethel,
Are you learning hour by hour.
Every breeze about you blowing
Bears a lesson worth your knowing.
Every bright-eyed bud and flower,

Flying cloud and April sunshine,
Birds that sing and bees that hum,
Each is bringing you its treasure,
Knowledge new, and good and pleasure —
Stores for happy years to come.

Slowly out of sight she passes?
Smiling back a blithe good-by.
All the round world, onward turning,
Help her in her happy learning,
While the busy moments fly!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

S

I
X.

YEARS.



O & Co:



BAD.

ALL among the dewy roses
Stands our little rosebud weeping.
Mother whispers: "Fie! for shame!
Every one will know your name;
See the baby roses peeping!"

Gone the pouting, gone the sighing;
Baby sees the roses pearly.
"Mamma, have they all been crying?
Have they, too, been bad so early?"

GEORGE COOPER.





SEVEN YEARS OLD.

THE NAUGHTY DAY.

You need n't look at me, Puss Gray,
And rumple up your silly fur !
For you were naughty too, to-day, —
You were !
You stole some cream from Bridget, sir !

What am I staying here for ? Why,
Because I hate to wear this dress.
I did n't do a thing — but cry,
And — yes,
I stamped my foot just once, I guess !

It's been a very dismal day ;
They think I'm cross, — poor little me !
But if they 'd let me have my way,
You see,
How good and pleasant I could be !

First, when my tea was cold, I cried
(Of course) ; and when I could n't go
Out with the other girls to ride, —
And so
It's been the livelong day, you know.

“ Here Ethel stays, until she tries
Her naughty temper to forget,”
Mamma said softly, and her eyes
Were wet.
I wonder if I'm sorry yet !

I almost think — What did you say,
Dear Pussy ? Let to-morrow be
Better and happier than to-day ?
Dear me,
That's just what I was — Well, we'll see !



EIGHT YEARS OLD.

THE SINGING-LESSON.

A SLENDER, liquid note,
Long-drawn and silver-sweet.
Obediently the little maid
Tries, timid still, and half afraid,
The lesson to repeat.

A breezy turn or two,
A blithe and bold refrain,
A ripple up and down the scale,
And still the learner does not fail
To echo soft the strain.

A burst of melody
Wild, rapturous, and long.
A thousand airy runs and trills
Like drops from overflowing rills, —
The vanquished pupil's song

Breaks into laughter sweet.
And does her master chide?
Nay; little Ethel's music-room
Is mid the sunny garden's bloom,
Her roof the branches wide.

With parted lips she stands
Among the flowers alone.
Her teacher — hark! again he sings!
A stir — a flash of startled wings —
The little bird has flown!

MARGARET JOHNSON.



“With parted
lips she
stands.”



EIGHTY YEARS OLD

NINE YEARS OLD.

THE BABY-BROTHER.

AGAIN she sits and sings alone,
While red the lingering daylight dies.
The busy little hands are still,
And gravely sweet the downcast eyes.
"Oh, lulla-lullaby!"

But in the cradle at her side
No doll with cheeks of faded red
Lies, wrapped so soft in robes of snow, —
A baby hears the song instead.
"Oh, hush, oh, hushaby!"

A being strange and wonderful,
That knows but how to sleep and eat;
With tiny fists, like rose-leaves curled,
Round, dimpled limbs and restless feet.
"Oh, lulla-lullaby!"

With happy wonder, ever new,
She watches all his baby ways.
Her books and toys unheeded lie,
While constant at his side she stays.
"Oh, hush, oh, hushaby!"

Her world has grown so very small,
It only holds her little king.
And, woman-like, she kneels to him.
He stirs! he wakes! Sing, Ethel, sing!
"Oh, lulla-lullaby!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.



nine years old.



TEN YEARS OLD.

DAY-DREAMS.

I MEASURED myself by the wall in the garden ;
The hollyhocks blossomed far over my head.
Oh, when I can touch, with the tips of my fingers,
The highest green bud, with its lining of red,

I shall not be a child any more, but a woman.
Dear hollyhock blossoms, how glad I shall be !
I wish they would hurry, — the years that are coming,
And bring the bright days that I dream of to me !

Oh, when I am grown, I shall know all my lessons, —
There's so much to learn when one's only just ten ! —
I shall be very rich, very handsome and stately,
And good, too, — of course, — 't will be easier then !

There'll be many to love me, and nothing to vex me,
No knots in my sewing ; no crusts to my bread.
My days will go by like the days in a story, —
The sweetest and gladdest that ever was read.

And then I shall come out some day to the garden
(For this little corner must always be mine) ;
I shall wear a white gown all embroidered with silver,
That trails in the grass with a rustle and shine.

And meeting some child here at play in the sunshine,
With gracious hands laid on her head, I shall say,
“ I measured myself by these hollyhock blossoms
When I was no taller than you, dear, one day ! ”

She will smile in my face as I stoop low to kiss her,
And — Hark ! they are calling me in to my tea !
O blossoms, I wish that the slow years would hurry !
When, when will they bring all I dream of to me ?

MARGARET JOHNSON.



ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

IN THE HAYFIELD.

“ETHEL! Baby!” softly calling,
When the shadows cool were falling,
Searched I all the meadows over,
Sweet with new-mown grass and clover,
When the evening dewes were falling,
And the evening skies were gay
With the sunset yesterday.

Twittered sweet the swallows flocking;
Faintly rang the echoes mocking;
Crickets chirped and winds were sighing.
Came no little voice replying,
Only echoes faintly mocking,
Calling softly, far away.

“Ethel! Baby!” Where the meadow,
Flecked with morning light and shadow,
Slopes to meet the little river,
Something seemed to stir and quiver,—
Something neither sun nor shadow,
In the fragrant heaps of hay.

Crept I nearer, looking, listening.
Ah, my rogues, I saw the glistening
Yellow curls among the clover,
Eyes with laughter brimming over,
Through the tangled grasses glistening,
Where my hidden treasures lay!

Then their fortress I invaded,
Tossed aside the grasses faded,
Took them prisoners where I found them.
With my clasping arms I bound them,
And as daylight slowly faded,
Homeward through the gathering gray,
Bore my happy prize away.

MARGARET JOHNSON.



TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Soft wind, what shall we sing; what happy song
For Ethel, little Ethel, twelve years old?
A song of sweet wild roses, faintly blowing,
In rain and dew and sun and shadow growing;
Of lilies, blooming day by day more fair,
And daisies, opening to the wooing air
Brave hearts of sunny gold.

A song of all glad living, growing things,
Of all things true and beautiful and free;
A song of rainbows, gilding cloudy sorrows,
Of stormy nights that dawn in fair to-morrows;
A song of laughter and a song of tears,
A song of changing skies and flying years,
Of wind and stars and sea.

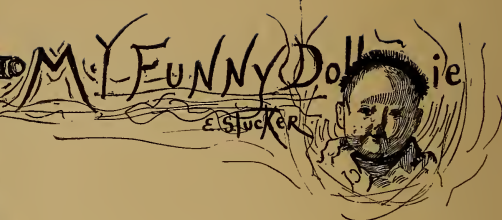
A little song about a little child
Just stepping softly into womanhood;
Of happy eyes their faith and sweetness holding,
Of eager hands the leaves of life unfolding,
Of gentle thoughts and innocent, pure prayers,
And tender feet that climb the endless stairs
Of wisdom, truth, and good.

A little song about a little life,
We do not know it all, — the wind and I,
But Ethel's happy heart to her shall sing it,
As day by day the flitting moments bring it.
We only pray, dear, may the song begun
Grow sweeter to its end, as, one by one,
The wingèd years go by!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

Twelve Years Old.





I've got the funniest dolly
That ever you did see.
He came from Yokohama;
I named him Ko-Chung-Kee.

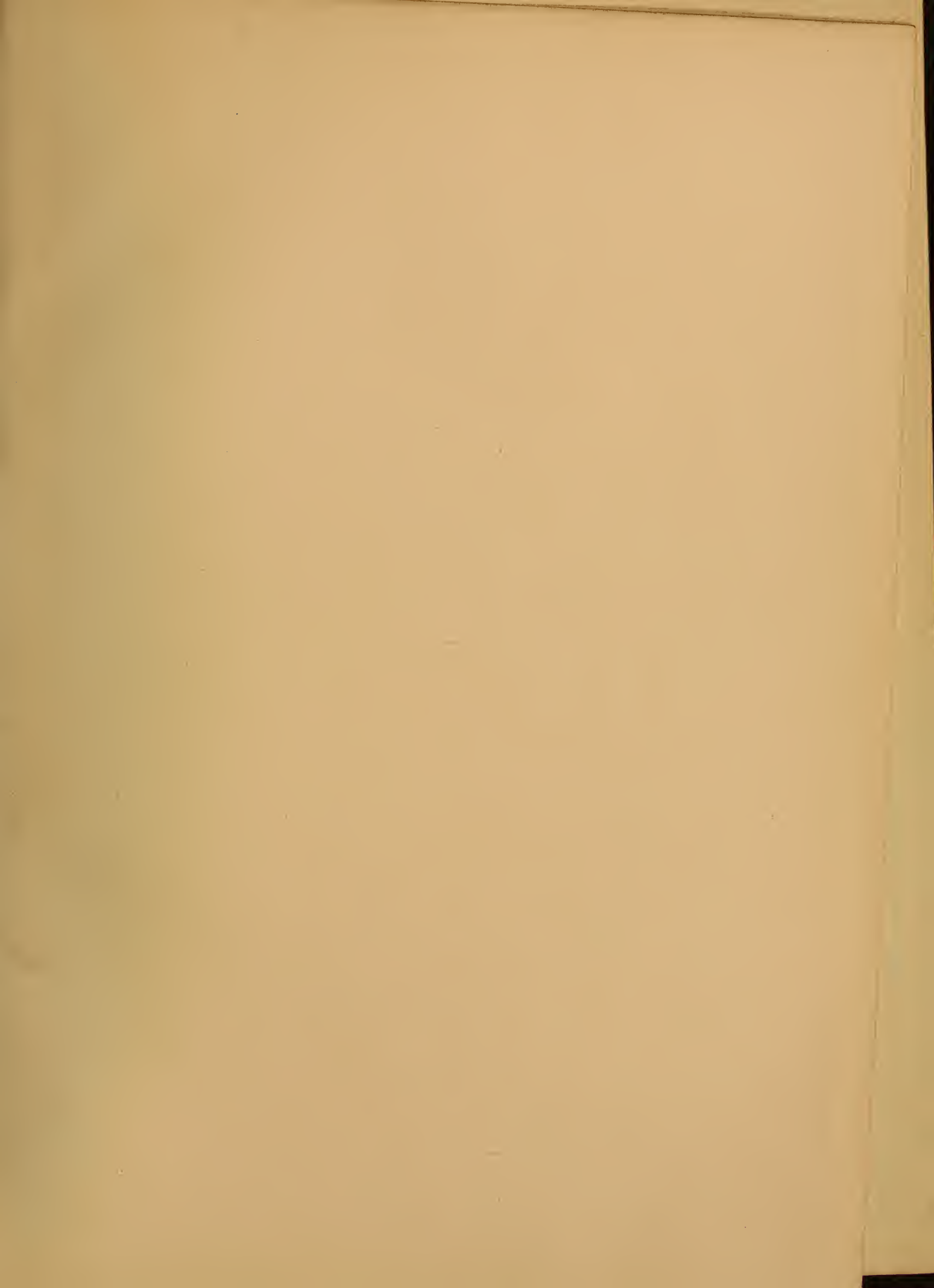
His eyes are small and twinkling;
His mouth is just as sweet!
He has cunning hands and fingers,
And little fat, bare feet.

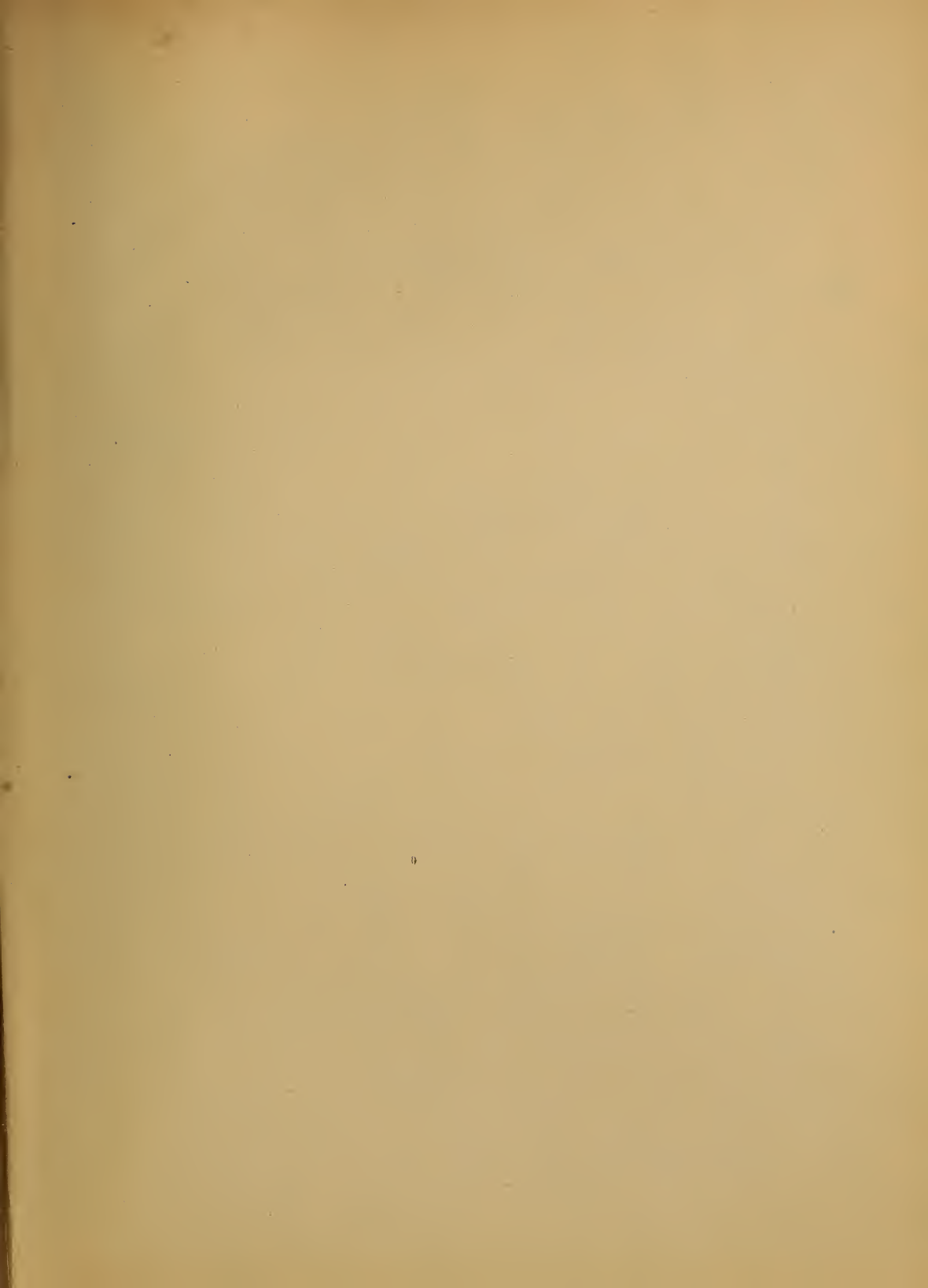
He wears a paper petticoat,
With gown of blue and red;
And he only has a fringe of hair
On the top of his blue head.

He looks just as the babies
In the Japan pictures do;
And though his body's papery,
Why, maybe theirs are, too.

He squeaks just like a baby;
And he is so dear to me!
And here's a truly picture
Of Ko-Chung-Kee and me.

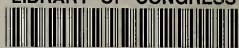
E. S. TUCKER







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 100 759 A